HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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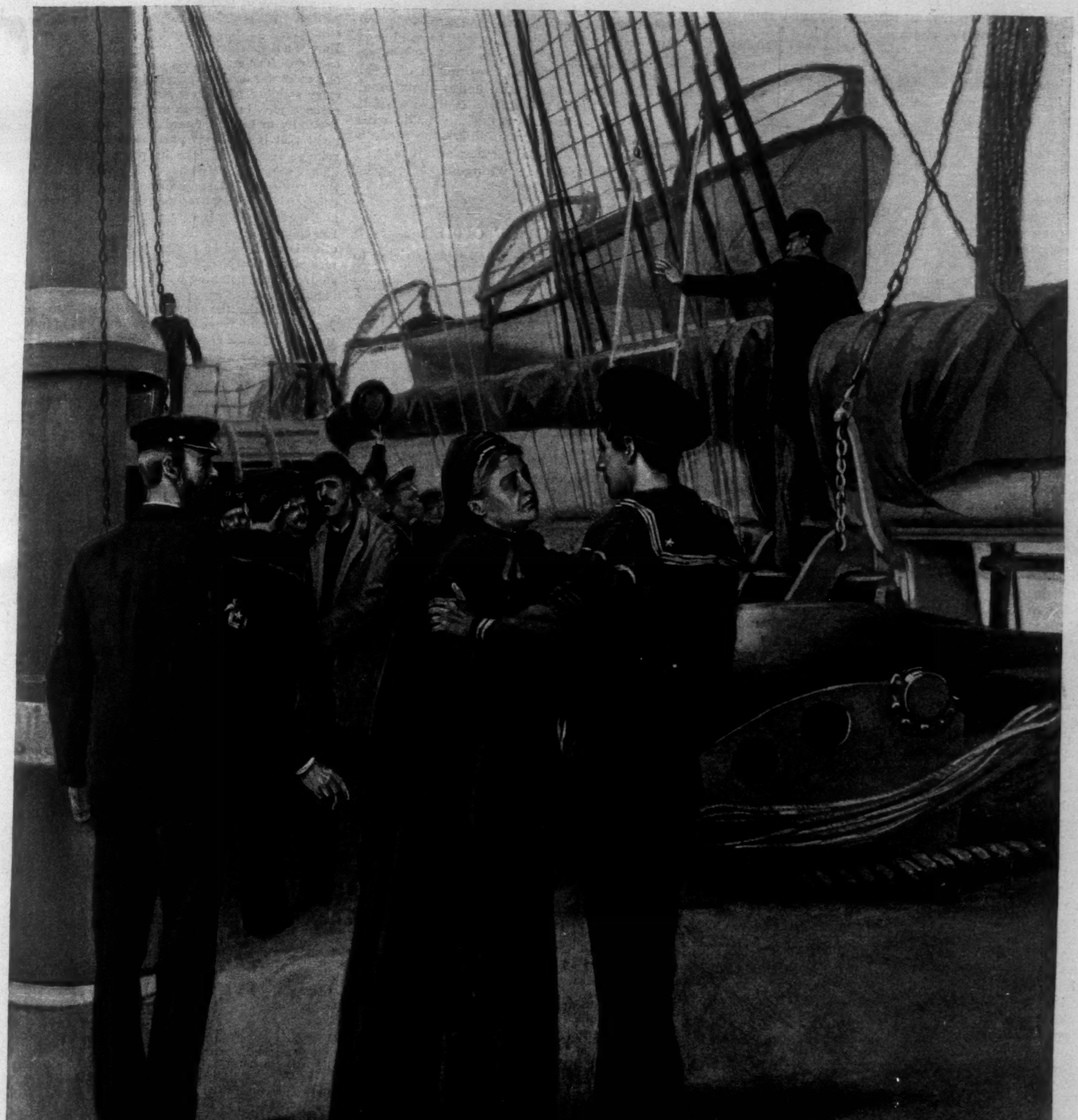

FOR SERVICE ABROAD—"ALL STRANGERS CLEAR OFF THE SHIP."—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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A NATIONAL QUARANTINE.

IT is a matter of congratulation that the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, in its meeting on Tuesday, December 20th, resolved by a unanimous vote to "memorialize the President and the Congress of the United States to enact as speedily as may be a suitable law placing the control of quarantine at New York and at all other places under national control." The principal reasons given by the special committee of the chamber which had been appointed to inquire into this subject were that only by making the quarantine a national institution can frequent and vexatious conflicts between the Federal and the State authorities in the administration of quarantine regulations be avoided; that the Federal government, through the various arms of the public service, is able to command an amount of expert co-operation entirely beyond the reach of a mere State institution; that the Federal government has at command the trained men who have to be summoned to the help of the State in time of peril; that the co-operation of consuls with the quarantine officers is a matter of growing importance; and, finally, that an international supervision of infectious diseases is a probable and a very desirable outcome of recent experiences, which supervision can hardly be made effective unless the quarantine be placed under the control of the national government. These reasons, referring exclusively to the efficiency of the quarantine, are no doubt good, and may be considered conclusive. But there is beyond them another reason which should appeal with at least equal force to the President and the Congress of the United States.

The question whether and how the port of New York, as well as other ports, should be guarded against the intrusion of persons infected with contagious diseases is a question not of merely local but emphatically of national concern. The quarantine instituted in the harbor of New York is to protect from grave dangers not merely the city and the State of New York, but every State in the Union to which persons landing in this harbor may go. The citizens of Ohio, or Missouri, or Wisconsin, within easy reach of New York by railroad, are therefore no less interested in the efficiency and completeness of that protection than we are. As a matter of plain justice, they have a right to insist that a branch of the public service of such vital importance to them shall not be left to the management of persons appointed by a local authority entirely out of their reach—persons who may be fit or unfit, honest or dishonest, but whom, be they ever so unfit or dishonest, they have no means to hold to account. This right would be indisputable, and this argument would hold good, had the management of the quarantine in New York Harbor under the control of the State been ever so perfect. But the management we have witnessed during the cholera crisis of last summer should demonstrate even to the dullest understanding the urgent necessity of asserting this right without delay.

When the resolutions offered by the special committee of the Chamber of Commerce were up for discussion in that body for the first time, a member remarked that action substantially admitting the unfitness of the State authorities to manage the quarantine properly should not be hastily taken, because the honor of the State of New York was involved. This is in a certain sense true. But the honor of this State demands, above all things, that the citizens of New York should not permit local pride, or local interests, or local politics, to stand in the way of a measure touching in an eminent degree the general welfare. However humiliating it may be to our State pride, we have to admit the fact that the quarantine management in our harbor not only has not been good, but that it cannot possibly be as good as it should be, for the very simple reason that it is controlled by local politics; and further, that we cannot foresee the time when it will not be so controlled. It matters little whether the control is exercised by the Republicans or the Democrats, by Boss PLATT or Boss CROKER. So long as for the performance of duties requiring a high order of scientific knowledge and experience men are appointed not on the ground that they are, by education and practical training fitted for such important positions, but because they are political favorites or useful party tools, so long the chances are ten to one that the duties will not be well performed. Mr. RICHARD CROKER, the leader of Tammany Hall, has furnished the country a most striking and valuable object-lesson as to what we may expect under such circumstances in causing the appointment as health officer and chief of the quarantine service an obscure physician of very limited ability and experience, but who made up for all his short-comings by the peculiar merit of being Mr. CROKER's brother-in-law. His performances during the cholera crisis are familiar to the country, and the American people know now what chances they run under the existing system.

It is not probable that the politicians of New York will give up so valuable a "plum" as the health office without a struggle, and we shall not be surprised to see the Republican and the Democratic machines of this State work in fraternal unison to prevent the enactment of a law establishing a national quarantine. The public-spirited citizens of New York will do well to watch with a keen eye their Senators and Representatives in Congress. It is, indeed, hardly to be apprehended that in the present temper of public opinion the Congress of the United States will abstain from providing for a national want merely to please Boss CROKER and Boss PLATT. But good care should be taken by those who will have charge of the proposed measure in Congress, while removing the matter of quarantine from the domain of local politics, not to expose it to the influence of national politics. If the national quarantine is to be what it should be, patronage must have nothing to do with it. It has been suggested that it should be made a branch of the marine hospital service, and it is to be hoped that this, or a similar arrangement, may be found feasible.

A NEW ORDER OF CITIES.

INVENTORS and capitalists are striving to devise and put in operation improvements upon the present mode of utilizing electricity as a motive power. All know that to do away with the poles and overhead wires, and to propel cars by stored electricity, will result in fortunes to those who control the perfected method. But in the mean time electricity as a motive power is applied to street cars all over the country, and already it and the latest applications of steam-power are productive of effects which are altering the character of our cities and creating a revolution in American town life.

These effects have been so remarkable in a very short term of years that thoughtful men are compelled to attempt to forecast what may be the consequences at the time when surface transportation shall reach such a point that ingenuity and enterprise will turn from it as a field that no longer admits of development. The first effect of the cheap and rapid car service of the time is seen in the extension of the areas of our cities. Those Western capitals which adopted the various modern means of quick transit earliest and most thoroughly are growing in size to points that mark them as incomparable with the great towns of former eras. They are becoming enormous in size, without necessarily being great in population. Chicago, with its 181¼ square miles of area, owes little to the use of electricity. In her case it was the meeting of many steam railroads at the lake-side that offered such remarkable opportunities for municipal extension. But Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Denver owe this peculiarity of area to the electric car. And wherever we observe the growth of even such old capitals as St. Louis—now covering 61⅓ square miles of territory—we note that the new precincts are at great distances from the business centres—at such great distances, in fact, as to give cause for wonder that rich and poor alike can find it profitable to journey so far between their homes and their work-places.

Newer cities, like Helena, Spokane, and Seattle, seem, at what we may call the outset, to be laid out upon a scale of absurd magnitude, with their best residence districts miles away from their city halls, their exchanges, and their shopping stores. But even a slight acquaintance with the conditions that have been brought about by the new, economical, and rapid motive power removes even the appearance of absurdity in such extension. It is seen that one may go two miles by the new method in less time than it took to travel one mile by the horse or mule power which electricity has displaced. To use the most remarkable illustration, trolley cars have often been run between St. Paul and Minneapolis, ten miles and a half, in six minutes less time than the schedule time for a New York horse-car between the City Hall and the Grand Central Depot, a distance of a little more than three miles.

The results, in the changed character of the cities, are still more remarkable than the primary gain of speed in travel. Not only are the inhabitants of the extended cities enabled to live in the natural order of a family to a house, but, the ground being cheaper at a distance from the thick of each city, more of it goes with each house, and detached dwellings, surrounded by light and air, are growing in number. Whole districts are made up of such dwellings. Minneapolis and the newer wards of St. Paul and St. Louis, as seen from tall elevations, look like great parks, so numerous are the trees in the streets and gardens. Flower plots, lawns, and shaded pavements continue this effect upon the view of whoever visits such districts.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the effect of this upon the dwellers in such cities. They feel the pride of householders, the benefits of sunshine and fresh air, all the elevating influence of an existence vastly less artificial than falls to the lot of dwellers in the compact towns which once were walled, or which were patterned after such towns long after walls went out of use. Great, and all but inestimable, are the blessings we owe to the multiplying and quickening of the means of intercommunication in cities—to rapid transit by steam as well as by electricity. We must pause when we find ourselves endeavoring to estimate the results of these expansive agencies when they shall be perfected and universally applied.

NO HELP FROM EUROPE.

THE Brussels Monetary Conference was held in answer to an invitation from the United States. It was conceived as a possible escape from the threat of free coinage. The extreme silver men were pressing hard in behalf of their scheme for the debasement of the currency. The silver act of 1890, sometimes known as the SHERMAN act, was actually stuffing with silver to the limit of their capacity all the vaults that the government possessed. Tons of metal were piling up, while its price and the value of the silver dollar were declining. A year ago there had already been manifested in Europe a disposition to demand gold for debts due from this country. The gold reserve of the Treasury was threatened, and there was doubt expressed in some quarters of the monetary stability of the country. Finally the extreme free coinage men in Congress availed themselves of every opportunity to bring forward their favorite measure, and to insist that if the silver purchase act were repealed, a free coinage law should take its place. It is true that their efforts were twice defeated in a House of Representatives that was supposed to be overwhelmingly in favor of free coinage, but these defeats were the result of party exigencies, and were aided by Democrats who, themselves believing in free coinage, accepted Senator MILLS's declaration that every other issue should be postponed to that of the tariff, or who recognized the justice of not committing their party in a controversy concerning which the party itself had made no announcement.

It was under the stress of these circumstances that the Monetary Conference was desired as a way out of impending troubles. It was hoped that bimetallism would be accepted by the commercial nations of Europe, and that there might be a universal co-operation in the effort to maintain the cheaper metal at par with gold. Men who realized that the United States could not perform the miracle alone imagined that it would be an easy task if the commercial nations of the world would consent to unite for the performance of the task.

The conference has been held and has adjourned. It is true that the adjournment was to a fixed day, but it is not probable that the delegates will ever come together again; and no promise can be found in their proceedings that, if they do reassemble, they will solve the problem of bimetallism, or in any way encourage this country to hope that it may adopt a currency that will satisfy both those who believe in soundness and those who hope for prosperity from a statutory exaltation of cheapness.

Europe has refused to join us in the work of "rehabilitating silver." Great Britain, pressed by India and the Lancashire spinners, and tempted to make an issue for the Conservatives, offered plans intended to enhance the price of silver. Some of the Continental delegates made advances in the same direction. But no one, not even the Americans, suggested a complete system by which gold and silver could be used as money on equal terms. France, from which something in this direction seems to have been expected, declined to do anything that would place her money interests at odds with the system of her neighbors. The feeling of the Latin Union turned out to be as unsatisfactory as that of the British "gold bugs."

The result is that the United States government is precisely where it stood when its invitation was issued. It must settle its currency problem for itself and in its own way. Fortunately there is abundant evidence in our political history that this kind of madness, the crude attempt to establish values by law, is usually cured by the enlightening influences of full and free discussion. More fortunately still, there is little likelihood of the enactment of a free coinage law while Mr. CLEVELAND is President. It is probable that a failure to pass a free coinage bill on its merits will be definitively fatal to the movement, and that our own country will itself vindicate the refusal of Europe to establish a double standard composed of two unequal elements.

IN PRAISE OF CARRYING BUNDLES.

UNDOUBTEDLY there are some persons in this town who will permit the nose of judgment to be uplifted in the tilt of scorn at the idea that there is anything noble in the sight of a man carrying bundles along the street. The man with bundles has been jeered at for years as "Mr. Suburbs," or "Domesticus," or by some other title of reproach. It has been assumed that a bundle-carrier was either a mean-spirited person, only fit to bear burdens, like the beasts that perish, or one who lived in some place which neither the delivery wagons nor the express companies could reach. This popular judgment has become so universal that even the bundle-carrier himself, except during that feverish time of year called the holiday season, has grown to look upon himself with suspicion, and sometimes has hard work to justify himself to himself, and go boldly with his burden.

Whether the man with bundles is an admirable object or not is about the same question as whether simplicity of character is so admirable in itself as to justify its existence amid surroundings which are anything but simple. For the bundle-bearer is of the old order. He has gathered gear in his travels, and having paid for it, he takes it along, saying, "This is mine." Delivery wagons have been established to meet the requirements of a lazy civilization; for just as surely as laziness is a luxury of the first class, luxuriousness in habit is largely a matter of laziness indulged in by those who can afford it. Now, since all Americans can afford the best of everything, from the cuts of beef to seats in railway trains, the generation has grown lazy, prone to accept every convenience as its right, and to cry out continually for more.

The man who carries bundles is one whose mind darts over incidentals to conclusions. It does not occur to him to have his purchases sent home by horse-power. He minds the end, not the means. He does not lumber up his brain with trivial ideas of the How, but he regards the What steadfastly. Therefore, having fewer suppositions, he has more facts. His thought is direct, and he is apt to be a leader among his fellows; for so tangled in conventions do our feet become that anybody who simply forgets them outruns us before either he or we know it.

The many bundle-carriers of the Christmas-time are only evolutions of the singular bundle-carrier of other seasons. Their reason of being is simple. Emergency shakes the nonsense out of people, brushes away the cobwebs of convention, sets people face to face with the necessity for action. Belated shoppers—men and women alike—forget themselves and their fancies in the presence of urgent work to do. A man who has only two days left to find something for which he does not know exactly where in all the town to look, stirs himself and bends his whole mind to the single point. His attention is not split up or diverted; he leaves the manner in the ditch by the way-side and pricks keenly forward for the matter. Thus he sloughs off complexity, and becomes, for the time being, a creature of simple mind. A savage? Yes, if you please, nearer to the nobility of a savage than at any other time in his life, perhaps. He goes back to first principles, like those who when cold must cut down a tree and build a fire. He pursues his prize hotly, and when he grasps it he carries it off in his arms, as his ancient forebears carried off their wives, proud to hold what he has won.

There are more bundle-carriers at the holiday-time than at any other, because more persons are then led, by one cause or another, to adopt the natural (if savage) way to do things. Whether it is worth while to be simpler than your neighbors, and to allow yourself to forget the resources of a lazy civilization, is a question to which some of us will answer Yea. It is good to get out of the rut of the awful commonplace, to stir one's blood and one's stumps at the same time. He to whom nothing human is uninteresting will find a distinct nobility in the mind of the bundle-carrier, for a mind which can look out for itself is an eternal declaration of independence.

FAULTY JOURNALS, BUT NOT FEEBLE.

Criticism of American newspapers is constant, and much of it is well founded. They are blamed for prying into people's private concerns, for sensationalism, for printing too much information on all manner of subjects, and too much misinformation, but they are rarely blamed with justice for withholding news that they ought to give. Both the British and the French newspapers are held up to us from time to time as fit for our imitation, not in general, but in certain particulars. The French papers, which are compelled by law to exercise a watchful discretion about invading the precincts of private life, are especially recommended, and not without reason, as worthy of imitation in that particular.

But if our newspapers are somewhat boisterous and untamed, they have certainly the merits as well as the faults of that condition, and comparison brings the merits out at least as vividly as the faults. Who can believe, for example, that with half a dozen journals of unterrified American impetuosity in France, such a protracted public scandal as the Panama Canal episode would have been possible!

Watch-dogs are often inconvenient, especially when they lack discrimination and attack one's friends; but tame watch-dogs that can be stuffed and kept quiet are worse than useless, since they inspire confidence in a security that does not exist.

THE "SMART SET" OF TO-DAY.

IN the December number of the *Fortnightly* there is a serious paper on "Society," in which the "smart set" is treated as the flower and fruitage of nineteenth-century civilization. By the "smart set" the writer means the restless rich, the people who are always rushing after expensive amusements, who play baccarat with the Prince, who are whirled out of the dances of London to the shooting parties on the moors of Scotland.

The "smart set" is not unknown in this country. Its affiliations are world-wide. It not only reigns in many of the noble houses of England, or in the Jockey Club of Paris; it glistens in its dissipated course through Vienna, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, Cairo, and Hong-Kong, and it passes sumptuous and useless hours in our own city of New York. Even Boston knows it, and Philadelphia is far from being a stranger to it.

No one with a sober mind, or with a love of what is best in humanity, can have anything to say by way of protest against the criticisms levelled at the restless, hard, selfish, and corrupting modern blooms of fashion. There are no people, perhaps, in the world's history more worthless than those whom the writer in the *Fortnightly* undertakes to describe. In this country, as abroad, their lives are devoted to pleasures that are mostly irrational, and often worse.

Let us admit that the condemnation is deserved. It does not follow that humanity is to be chastised for the sins of the few who constitute the "smart set." While those are coaching, yachting, polo-playing, gambling, flirting, and wondering whether life is worth living, the human race is making progress, and civilization, material, intellectual, and spiritual, is advancing.

There was a time when the set at court represented the very best of the time. It was a time when great soldiers and great statesmen gave tone to the circle that surrounded royal personages, and when poets and scholars furnished entertainment to those whose place has been taken by men and women to whom poets are distasteful unless they are risky. With the general elevation of mankind, however, "good society" is not confined to the courts, but is more diffused, while the best society now seeks quiet corners into which are admitted only the best of the "smart set"—those whose native minds make their redemption possible. In this gay city of New York, both among those who are rich and those who are not, there are circles where the real flower and fruitage of nineteenth-century civilization are to be seen, where the social graces are as much superior to the courtesy and charm of the period of mail and sonnets as literature and art and science in our day are in advance of troubadours and fabulists and alchemy.

The "smart set" retains its place in the public eye because it is always on exhibition, but it no longer holds the very best we have. The best attracts less notice than was accorded to it in the earlier day, because the amount of good in the world has vastly grown.

AN EXAMPLE OF MORAL COURAGE.

THERE are few of us who in youth escaped being immensely bored by much praise of moral courage. Commendatory lectures on this subject, next to remarks applauding truth, are, perhaps, the most disagreeable things that a small boy has to face; and when he grows up, he observes that a man can get along very well in Congress without either alleged desirable quality.

It used to be, if we mistake not, that such men as **Martin Luther** were held up as examples of moral heroism. Later researches seem to confirm the view that **Luther** did have a fair amount of this commendatory virtue. He did very well for his time, but he wouldn't have cut much of a figure on this threshold of the twentieth century—a conviction regarding the situation which becomes unavoidable since accounts of Mr. **Howard Watson**, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin, have begun to come in. The people of Wisconsin propose to send Mr. **Watson** to the World's Fair, and have him mounted in twin grandeur with the largest monolith ever quarried. But let us come to the point without any further throwing about of idle words.

We do not need to inform the intelligent student of the Badger State that the town of Fox Lake, the home of Mr. **Watson**, is near Waupun, nor that at Waupun is situated one of the State-prisons. The uniform worn in this institution is the usual one of the black and white endless stripe; indeed, some close observers claim that the Waupun uniform is the stripedest in existence, though it is probably only the standard thing. At any rate, it is striped enough, and a man could not wear one and mingle in general society much without sooner or later attracting attention. Now it appears that last October a man named **Conley**, feeling that he was not treated with that openness and confidence which he liked in Waupun prison, broke out one night and escaped. He made his way under cover of the darkness to Fox Lake. Here, as it began to grow light, the inharmoniousness of his costume with general outside nature began to impress itself upon him, and he looked about for a change. In passing through the outskirts of town he came to the dwelling of Mr. **Howard Watson**. Observing an open window, the migratory **Conley** crawled in. Mr. **Watson** slept the sleep of the innocent. As he thus slumbered, the unconventional Waupun jailbird exchanged clothes with him, and winged his way thence with a lighter heart. In the morning, when the unsuspecting **Watson** arose and saw the striped costume on the chair where he had left his clothes the night before, he was at first speechless. Then he took in the situation, and made some clear, ringing remarks, which we do not find it necessary to set down here. He then started for the closet to get his other suit. He paused with his hand on the latch. Then he turned, and said, in a loud voice: "No. I'll not do it. I'll not be buncoed this way. I'll wear them clothes that the cutthroat left if it kills me!" He had nailed his thesis on the church door. He put on the striped suit, and found it an excellent fit. Mrs. **Watson** objected, foolishly, like a woman—a woman has no moral courage anyhow—but Mr. **Watson** put on the suit.

Mr. **Watson**'s business is that of market-gardening. This takes him much about the streets of Fox Lake, as he drives from house to house to dispose of his vegetables. On the eventful morning of which we are speaking, Mr. **Watson** started out with his load of "truck," as usual. Before nine o'clock he was heard to remark to himself, as he made a vicious cut at his horse with the end of the lines, that he never knew that dress made so much difference before. "They don't look at the man no more," he said, as he threw a potato at the patient animal, "but at the clothes he wears." But no thought of a backward step crossed the rigid mind of **Howard Watson**. He dealt out half-bushels of onions and small measures of carrots with a calm, unruffled brow. Small boys and personal friends asked foolish questions and made superfluous comments, but he heeded them not. Before noon he was arrested by searching prison officials and taken over to Waupun. He of course established his innocence, and got back to Fox Lake in time to finish his vegetable route. His wife made further weak and feminine remarks when he returned home, but he remained unmoved.

From this exciting day to the present time Mr. **Watson** has continued to wear the highly accentuated prison garments. Mrs. **Watson** reports gloomily to the neighbors that there is no prospect of their ever wearing out. "There is one thing, though, that I will never do," adds Mrs. **Watson**, firmly: "I will never cut them clothes down for **Willie**." Mr. **Watson** has been arrested and dragged to Waupun by eager officers eight times. He has been shot at by still more zealous officials five times. Over two hundred times he has had to endure the cheap wit of friends who have asked him why he doesn't get the ball and chain which naturally go with the suit. But of none of these things has the heroic **Watson** complained. Daily he goes about his work, and does his duty as he sees it. Some people think that they detect him wince a little at the stare of the stranger in town, and especially when he is exposed to the somewhat marked observation of the British tourist who may happen to be passing through Fox Lake, but we cannot believe this of him; **Howard Watson** is not made of this sort of stuff; we would as quick believe that a man wearing a single eye-glass and a double-end cap could have looked inquiringly at **Columbus** on the quay, and caused him to abandon his voyage and turn back and apply for a position on the Palos police force.

If our teachers want an example of moral courage to hold up before the eyes of youth, let them take that of **Howard Watson**, of Fox Lake, Wisconsin.

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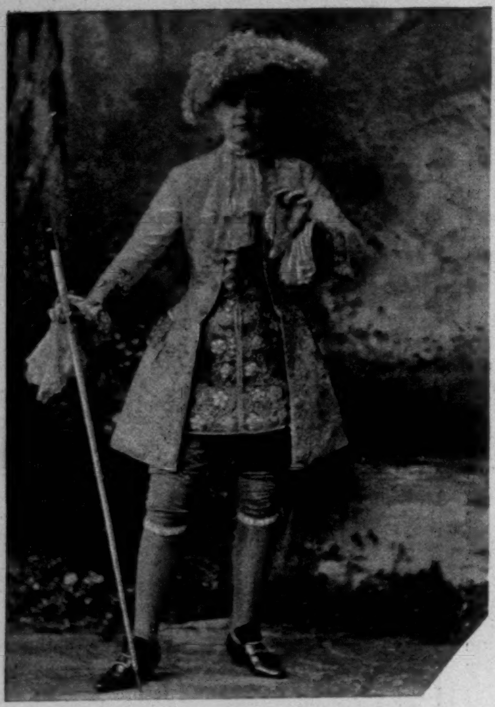

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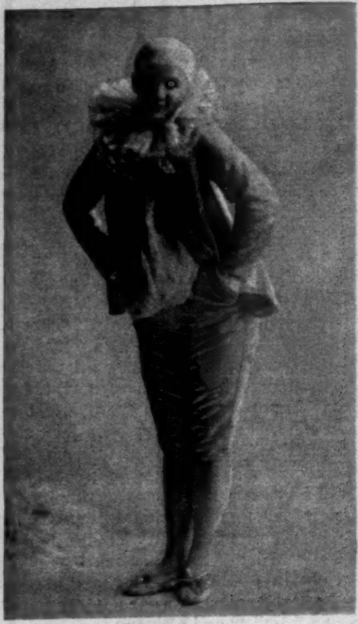

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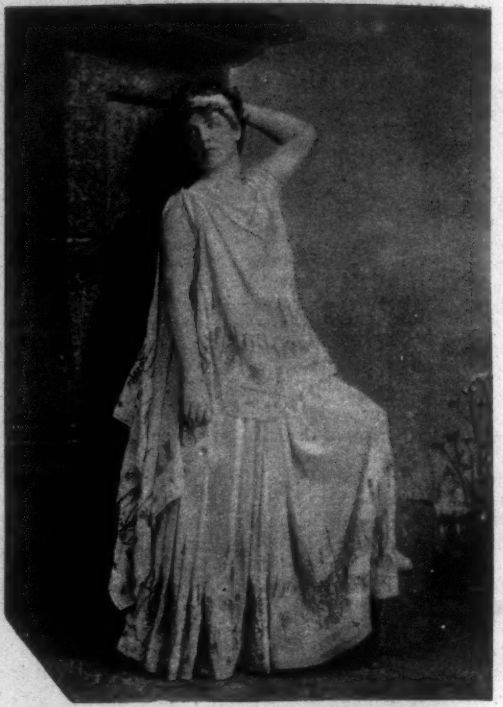

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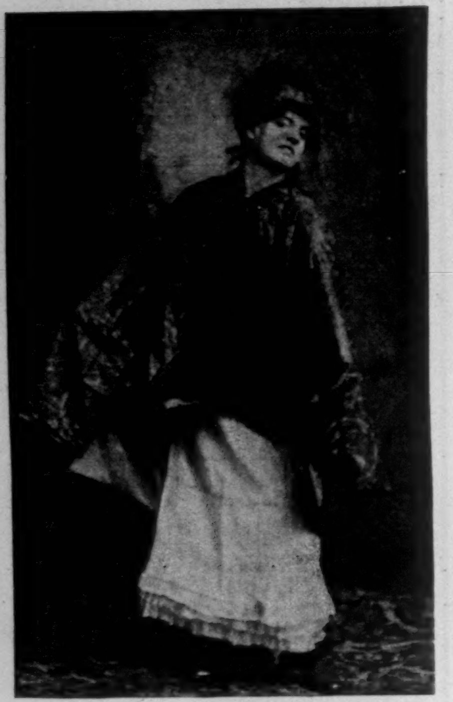

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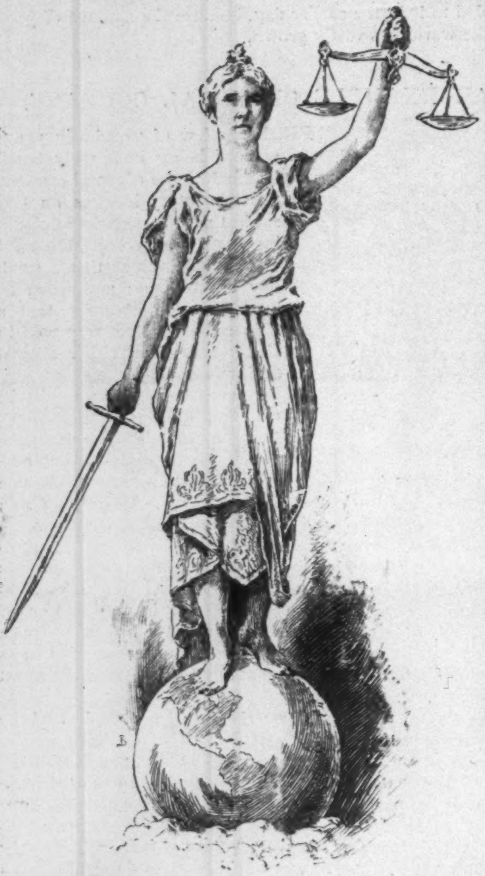
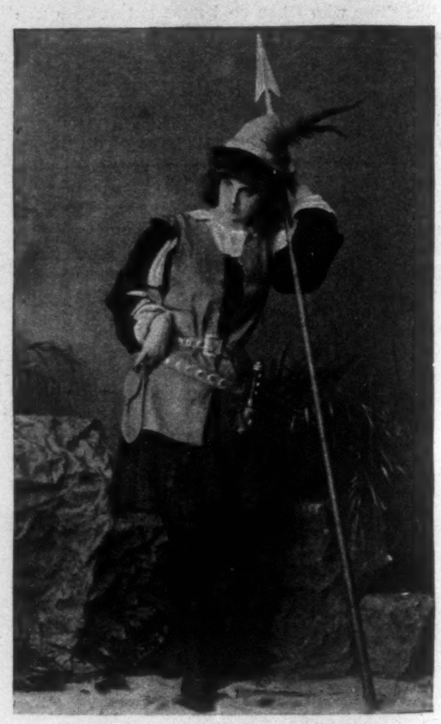
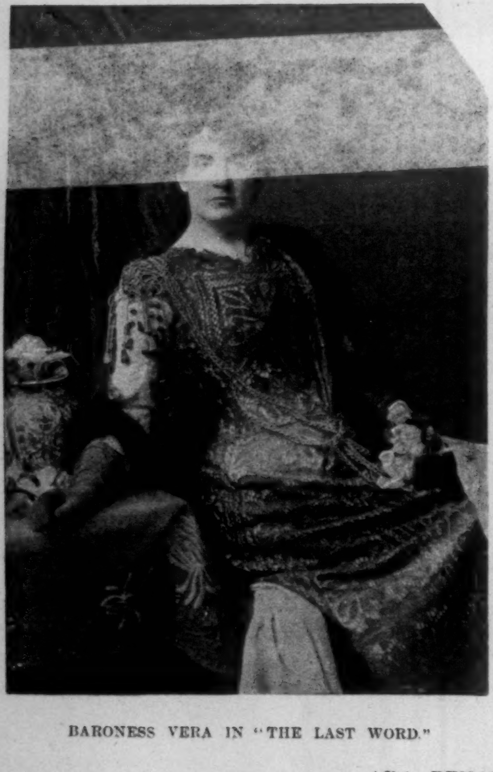


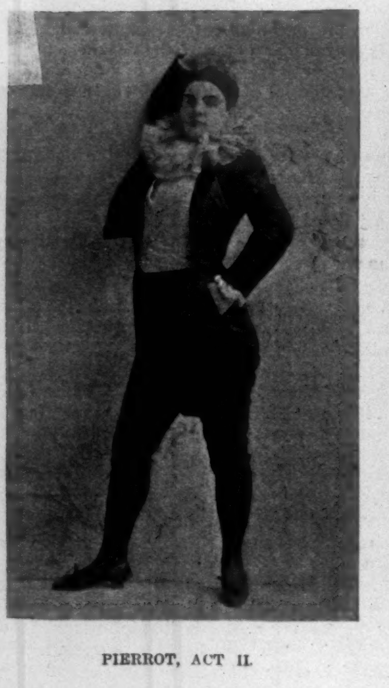
THE SILVER STATUE OF ADA REHAN.



ROSALIND.



BARONESS VERA IN "THE LAST WORD."



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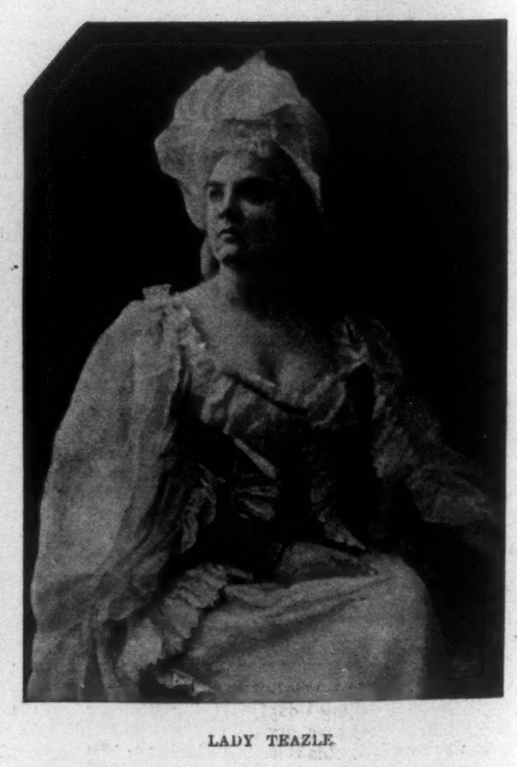
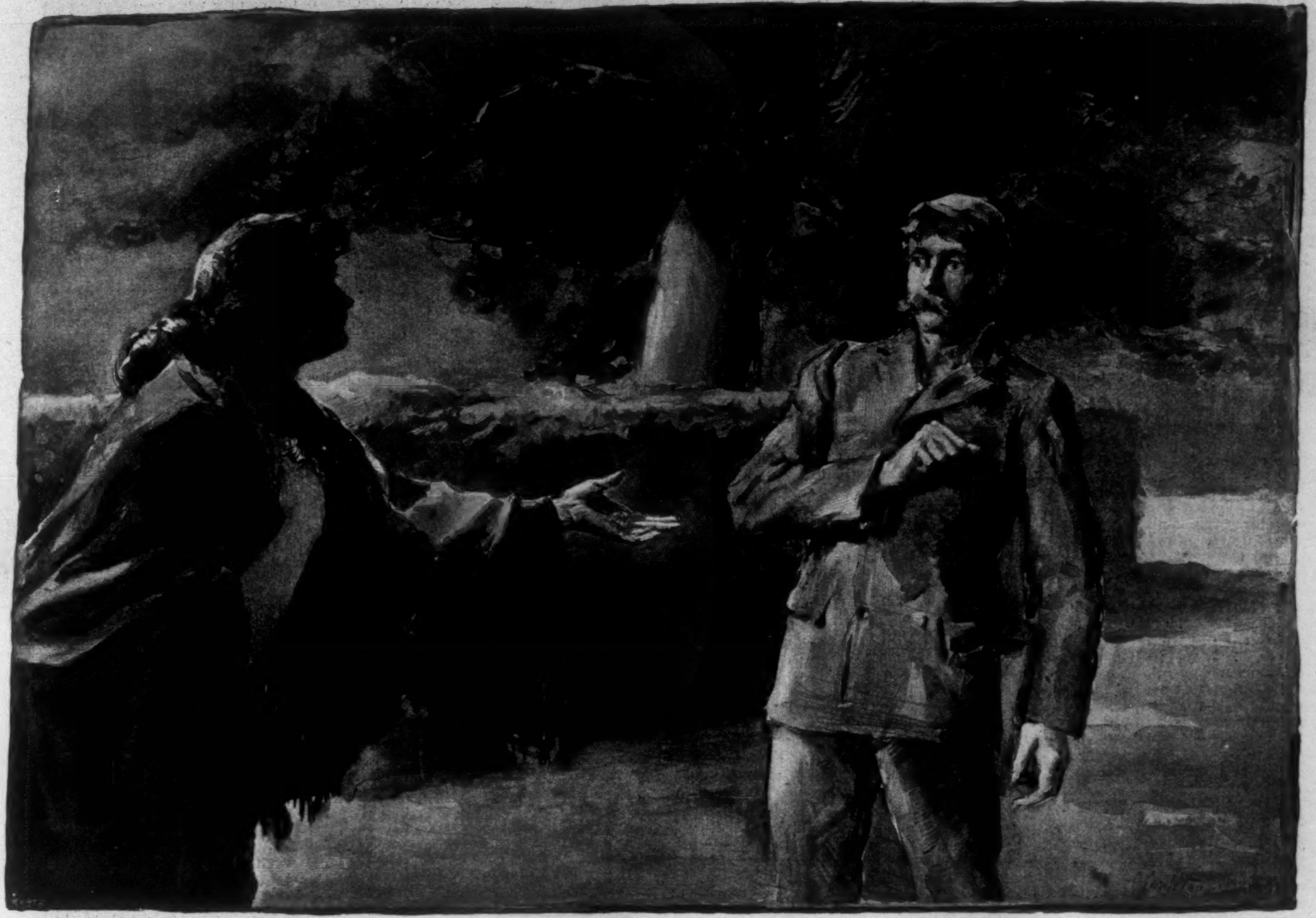


LADY TEAZLE.

ADA REHAN IN DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.—[SEE PAGE 1255.]



THE LOVE OF A SPANISH WOMAN.

BY FRED. A. WILSON.

EVERY night for a week this strange, dark, Spanish-looking woman had walked up and down the streets of Bushey, in Hertfordshire. Her hair hung down her back in big, thick, bluish coils, and her eyes were always staring straight in the face of every one she met. She terrified the children, she made the women feel nervous, and even the men began to wish that she would go away.

There had not been so much excitement in that town in years. The town constable sat in the tap-room one night, with his legs crossed, smoking a church-warden. He was talking of the woman, and the rest who sat around were listening.

"She's a mystery, is that 'un. I follered 'er an' follered 'er night an' day, an' may I lose an eye if I can find anything about 'er!"

That started a flow of incidents from those who had been listeners. One had seen her down in the lane which leads off the turnpike to the left. "An' oi think she's a bloomin' daft creatur'," was added.

So they sat and talked until the rattling of a window-pane would have made them all jump; and even when the tapman set a mug down extra heavy, they actually started and shivered. It was no wonder, then, that when a woman's scream was heard just outside the south window, they should have jumped to their feet like men burdened with a superstitious fear, and looked at each other with fearful eyes.

"I'm a-going to see who that mought be," said the constable, as he picked up his thick walking-stick. "Any of ye lads want to come?"

But he might just as well have asked a row of sticks. So out he went alone. He walked around the whitewashed structure, and saw nothing but shadows. He came out on the road again. The moon was up in the full and shining brightly. He looked up toward the bridge, but no figure broke the straight line of the road. He looked down. There was something, surely. Yes, some one was moving down the road. He was a brave old constable, was this one, and even if he had not been, that big stick of his ought to have inspired him with some courage. He decided instantly what he would do. He went over the hedge like a man trained to such things, and half running, half crouching along, he made his way swiftly downward. As he came nearer, as he thought, to the figure, he slackened his pace somewhat. He heard a woman's voice, and then he stopped. It was a Spanish voice, round and full of passion and expression. Luckily for the constable, he had been on the Spanish Main, and could talk Spanish as well as if he had been born under the soft skies of Spain.

"No one but me will ever have him," she was saying, just as if she was talking to some one. "Cruel, cruel, that he should leave! Oh, golden hair, I loved thee so well! Oh, false tongue, I placed too much faith in you! But she will never have him! No, no!" And then she shrieked just as the constable had heard her when he was in the tap-room of the Three Little Men. She was walking along quite swiftly, and it was a job for the man on the other side of the hedge to keep up with her.

"She's dumb crazy, sure," he thought; but he kept moving along, keeping well abreast with her. Farther down a little way there was a lane. It left the road on the side the constable was. When he came to the lane he stopped until she had gone by. The soft but brilliant moonlight filtered through the trees and cast long, uncertain shadows. As the man crouched and watched he saw the woman turn down into the lane.

She advanced a few steps, then stood perfectly still. She looked more like a magnificent beast than a human being. Her form was almost leopardlike, and the constable's curiosity was lost in his admiration for her physical proportions. It was like a dream to him. The crickets were chirping in the hedge, and a couple of night birds broke in with mournful whistling notes. A breeze began to rustle the tops of the trees. The constable was afraid, almost, to breathe. It was as if there had been a spell cast.

Suddenly the woman put her hand to her breast. The breeze came down and played with her hair. She moved uneasily at first; then she began to pace up and down with long, heavy strides, like a panther whose freedom is measured by square feet, and who looks out upon the world from behind iron bars.

"That thou should have left me," she began, in a cooing voice. "I loved thee so well, Robert. You were my star, my life. But she took you away from me."

Her hand nestled uneasily in her bosom, like a bird settling on its nest. Her mildness melted away, and as the constable looked he saw she had turned to a maniac. She pulled a long shiny knife from out of the nest of her bosom. She held it up until the moonbeams struck it and glanced from it. She worshipped it and called it pet names.

"You will find him for me," she almost shrieked; "you will take his life from him. You must! you must! And she who stole him away from me will weep. Oh, that I might be there to see her kiss lips which shall never kiss again! to see her feel a heart which is dead! Dead! Do you hear me?—dead, I say, dead!" The wind began to sound like a requiem played by ghostly hands.

The constable shivered and trembled in his shelter of the hedge, and half wished he had not come. It was all too fearful. Suppose she should discover him, what then? He shuddered to think of that long shiny knife, and took his eyes from the woman. When he looked up again he saw her still pacing up and down, up and down in the shadows, with one white hand nestling in her bosom. He knew now what was there.

A man's cheery whistle came down the wind. The woman started, her hand was pushed farther into the bosom of her dress, and as the whistle came nearer, she drew back stealthily like an animal seeking cover. She drew back step by step, until the constable could have touched her with his big staff.

The whistle came clearer and louder. The tune was one of those catchy fandango airs heard everywhere in Spain. The woman took to whispering and muttering, but so low that even the constable could not hear what she said. Her eyes gleamed, and she crouched as if to prepare for a spring.

The whistler turned into the lane with a brisk step, and passed down under the archway of green trees. He was opposite, when the woman sprang out with a cry upon her lips. He wheeled around, drew back a pace, and looked.

"I have found you, Robert," she began, in her low, soft voice, but he saw that in her eyes which caused him to retreat a step. She laughed. Oh, such a hollow, hard laugh! "You are not afraid of me, Robert? You are not afraid of your Mercedes?" And she held out her left hand; but the other never left her bosom. He could not speak, and she fairly crawled toward him, still holding out her left hand. "We were happy in Marbella, Robert, were we not?" she asked, appealingly, like the dissembling maniac she was. "Do you remember the ring you gave me, Robert? We were to have been married with that same ring, do you know. They say here you are going to marry the white-faced English girl. It is not true, is it? Speak to me; tell me it is not true. You will marry your Mercedes, will you not? You could not deceive me so, and we could be so happy!"

The eyes of the woman lost their fixed glare. The right hand crept softly out of the bosom of the dress and extended itself toward him. It was empty.

"They say you are going to be married to her in a week, Robert; but these village gossips will talk. I'm glad I came here to you now. But, oh, how I have suffered! how I have hungered! And we will go back to Marbella, will we not, sweet?"

One step nearer. She almost fawned upon him. Her hands were almost around his neck, when he seemed to pull himself together.

"That was a great act, Mercedes." He laughed a little, but it wasn't a natural laugh. It was like the laugh of a man who would like to be thought brave. "But you are a very foolish girl for coming to England. You should have stopped home. It wouldn't do for me to marry you. We are both too poor, and we should be hating each other as soon as the honey-moon was over."

While he was talking, that soft white hand crept back to the bosom. It slipped in between the folds of the dress. The eyes of Mercedes took on a horrible glare. Their look stopped the man in the midst of a sentence. He held up his hands as if to ward off a blow. The constable saw that plainly enough. Out of the breast of the woman came the knife. It was like a thing of life, and it seemed to fairly dance in the moonlight. It leaped upward, then downward. There was no struggle, no scuffle, and no sound save a man's wild shriek of "Murder!" The hand of the maniac woman drove it deep into his breast, once, twice, and then, with hands outstretched as if to grasp something, the man tumbled over on his face on the lone road. All this the constable saw, but it was so fearful, so terrible, that he could not move. His throat was so dried that any sound he might have tried to utter would have died before its birth.

"You who want him, take him now. He is yours," shrieked the woman, standing over the body like a statue. The knife was still in her hand. She drew it slowly toward her, and kissed the shiny blade. "We did it well, didn't we? Oh, we did it so well!" Then she flung it from her, as if she hated it. She turned sharply, and ran down the road, shrieking, "No one will have him now! no one will have him!"

Like a man coming out of a deep sleep the constable pulled himself with trembling limbs out of the shelter of the hedge. He stood in the shadows, and looked fearfully up and down the road. The crickets chirped, and the night-birds whistled mournfully. The wind was dying away. He walked toward the thing in the road, and bent over it. He turned it on its back, and looked into the face of the dead. It was a man whom he had known—Robert McKenzie, a mining engineer, who had recently returned from Marbella, near Malaga, in Andalusia, Spain. He had come home to marry Fanny Braden.

The eyes were half open, and the face was stamped with terror. The constable gazed for a minute; then a fright came over him, and he turned and ran down the road. He never stopped until he had reached the Three Little Men. There were half a dozen scared men huddled outside the door, and they crowded in when they heard the constable coming.

"It's all up wi' the wench now, I guess," said one of the men, as the constable came in looking like a ghost.

"Bob McKenzie's been killed, an' his body's a-laying up in Tobbit's lane, stiff and stark," panted the constable.

"For God's sake!" said the landlord. "An' the crazy 'un's gone and chucked herself off the bridge, and as there wasn't a man in the crowd as would pull her out, she's very likely gone under."

The constable got them all together, lanterns were lighted, and they went down to the lane in a very compact and fearful body, with the constable in the lead. They found the corpse, put it upon a shutter they had brought along for the purpose, and took it back to the tap-house.

By morning all Bushey knew Bob McKenzie had been killed by a crazy Spanish woman, who had run shrieking down the turnpike in the night, and had jumped off the bridge into the river. And very early they went to look for her body. It was easy enough to find, for it lay very close to the bank, feet upward, showing that she had jumped first into the shallow part, and then had deliberately drowned herself by holding her head under water.

They brought her out and laid her upon the bank. She was very white and beautiful, but her shoes and her dress were very much worn, and there were just the faintest lines of suffering about her face. It was easy enough to tell who she was, for in her breast were papers which bore her name and address: "Mercedes Xiques, Marbella, in Andalusia, Spain."

They buried her in the church-yard on the hill which lays to the south of the river. Perhaps there was a bit of sympathy for her.

The story came out bit by bit after it was all over. Dicky Singleton, the constable, learned it by heart, and he used to sit on a bench in front of the Three Little Men and tell what he saw. It was said that the landlord used to encourage him to sit there by serving him with free ale and an unlimited supply of tobacco. After Dicky had told what he had seen in Tobbit's lane he would moralize a little.

"You see, as long as men's men and women's women there 'll always be trouble among the sexes. Here's a young man with prospects as fine as the gold in the mines of Marbella. He has a good commission there in Spain; gets engaged to a stunning woman, with eyes that 'd look holes through you. But he ain't satisfied. No, not a bit of it; but he must up and tell her that he's goin' away for his health. He comes home here, makes up to his old sweetheart, Fanny Braden, and gets ready to marry her. Of course the Spanish woman found it out. They're the devil for that. An' what does she do? Why, she comes here with a knife big enough to kill an elephant. She meets him on the lone road, and—bang! He don't have time to say a word except, 'Murder!' an' he plumps down. She drowns herself, Fanny Braden dresses in black, and there you are. Now what's the good of it all? I say, if a man likes one girl, let him stick to her. I tell you, those Spanish women won't stand no foolin' with. They're animals, sir—animals and wild beasts when they get roused."

TO COCKLES TOWNE VIÂ STAGE.

A BIT OF QUAINT OLD STATEN ISLAND.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

I.—COCKLESTOWNE THAT WAS AND WHAT NOW REMAINS.

You may buy no ticket to Cocklestown to-day; the place is not to be found on any map, though you look for it under the dozen different spellings it once received; the residents of the town itself would not recognize the name. Cocklestown belongs wholly to the past—the long, long past, and the "Merry Monarch" made a plaything of England's throne. When Charles II. gave a large slice of American territory to the Duke of York, within that slice nestled Cocklestown. The name has since been wellnigh forgotten, but the spirit of Cocklestown is there now—the peaceful, somnolent spirit of the "golden days"—and the county-seat of Richmond belongs to that old, old time. Few latter nineteenth-century ways prevail—the telegraph wires hide among the leaves and branches of the trees, no railroad comes nigh it, and the telephone sign-board is a glaring anachronism in blue and white. Richmond of to-day is the same as Cocklestown of yesterday—no, day before yesterday, counting centuries as days in its history. It is delightfully quaint and refreshingly primitive. A score of miles from New York, several miles from anywhere, it is practically out of the world. Lord Howe, visiting his whilom headquarters, would have no difficulty in recognizing the village of Richmond, the county-seat of all Staten Island.

Green meadows and wooded hills, salt-marshes and sandy roads, surround it on all sides, and the stage that rattles up to the tavern door is nearly as old as the place itself—the horses certainly are. Richmond meanders—that is to say it was built after no pattern, and houses were raised wheresoever the sweet will of man pleased. The consequence is that the acute angles of this modern day are not there; there is scarcely a straight line in all the town, and the effect is delightful. It brings up the thought of the men who built it, those careless spirits who followed a winding cow-path instead of making a straight road for themselves. The place is so old that the Revolution seems modern in connection with it, and you receive the impression that Lord Howe is somewhere about. You do not feel the hates of '76; the influence of the town will permit no such violence, and the casual visitor has an idea that it would be eminently proper to leave a card for his lordship—you are conscious of his presence all the time. There are few corners in Richmond; the roads generally curve; but when I come to an abrupt turn, I feel that it would be no surprise to run into a burly Hessian standing guard. The disappointment comes when the turn is made, and no red-coated soldier looms up.

Richmond is small and the residents few. Only on court days is there any stir and bustle; at other times "sweet Auburn" is strongly suggested. When school is over, and the shadows across the streets grow longer, perhaps a score of school-children are seen. They wander up the road shouting and singing, but where in the world they go to it is hard to say. They wander up the road, and that is all you see of them. They disappear, they are scattered by the winds, and nothing more is seen or heard of them in the way that school-children generally make themselves prominent. This is due to the influence of the place, which is more effective than any panacea in banishing insomnia. It is a sweet, sleepy Arcadia, that has not a thought for the future, content in belonging to the past.

The spirit of the olden age has fashioned the houses. There is no attempt at architectural finish, but economy has been rigidly observed in building. Foundations that were laid fivescore years or more ago, with an idea of lasting, uphold modern structures dating back no further than a paltry fifty years. There are houses with colonial backs and centennial fronts. The old jail, aged more than a century, is built of brick, and the brick is probably of Dutch make. There is a certain individuality in roofs and chimneys. Sometimes the roofs slope behind as low as the back door, and again they sag in the middle, in some cases due to intention, in others to time. The majority of chimneys defy the perpendicular; they seem to possess a general air of independence, and bulge and incline, and describe various lines with charming variety. The chimney-tops would inspire a worker of designs, for in no two instances have the bricks broken off and fallen out in exactly the same places. There are all sorts of doors and windows of ancient make in Richmond, and it is really astonishing when you realize the wealth of old material that may be found in passing along the unpaved streets. There are ponderous doors of solid wood, doors with curious panels, plain Dutch doors in two pieces, top and bottom. Some of the doors bear the outlines of the old knockers that have disappeared after rusting away the wood. The style, shape, and size of the windows are in keeping with everything else in their infinite variety.

The interiors are as quaint and interesting as the exteriors would lead you to suppose—twists of hall and room, curious old fireplaces, and high mantels. There are a thousand and one little things revealed here and there in these old houses, such as are not known to-day, and every minute of search is rewarded with some new find. It is very interesting in-doors and out. Wandering along through the dust, it gradually dawned upon the mind, and finally became a firm conviction, that sidewalks were not essential to the well-being of old-time folks. Nobody knows who started Richmond, or, rather, Cocklestown, and it doesn't make any great difference, but I do wish that the gentleman had been endowed with foresight. In some places no allowance is made for sidewalks, and you must take to the road or follow the narrow beaten path on the side. There is no danger of being run over, however, for vehicles are few, and chickens and dogs disport themselves in the dust of the road and are seldom disturbed. The hand of time has rested very gently on Richmond generally. There may be a fixed law in such things that compel Time to exert a certain amount of power in all directions, but it seems to me that all vandalism set aside by Time for use in the little village had been devoted wellnigh exclusively to the fences. There is no doubt but that the aforesaid fences have suffered severely, yet they have grown old gracefully, and their lines are those of beauty.

The one or two modern buildings in Richmond are out of place and keeping with the rest, and they seem actually uncomfortable, like school-boys in the presence of patriarchs. St. Andrew's Church, a stone and brick building of recent years, is the third of its name. The previous two stood on the same spot, and were both burned down. The church was endowed by Queen Anne in 1713, and the communion service was presented by her, and bears her name. The location, just on the edge of the village, is most picturesque. On one side rises a hill, before it a row of hills and a stretch of green meadows, while in the rear the burial-ground slopes down to the salt-marshes. Scraping away the lichens from an old tombstone surmounted by a cherub's head, I easily read the date, which went back to 1733. A member of the family of Thomas Dongan, colonial Governor of New York and Earl of Limerick, had been buried there nearly one hundred and sixty years ago. On the road just below the imposing court-house stands a plain old meeting-house, with tiny window-panes and green blinds. But the blinds are broken, and most of the window-glass too, and there is an uncompromising air about the building that suggests discomfort. It seems lacking in harmony with its surroundings and everything else, including time, and it appears proud of it.

The real live history of Richmond belongs to the Revolution. Staten Island was half patriot, half British. General Howe landed at Staten Island with the men of the Halifax fleet on June 29, 1776. A few days after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but before the general was aware of it, he wrote home that the loyalists welcomed him with open arms and the rebels fled. From that time until the 25th of November, 1783, the English kept the island, and the last shot of the defeated Englishmen was fired at a party of patriots who went down to the sea-shore to celebrate the departure of the fleet. On the road to Richmond were situated the Black Horse Tavern and that of the Rose and Crown. At the latter, Lord Howe made his headquarters, after the ships came down from Boston, and his staff filled the two inns. Richmond, a little more than a mile away, gave shelter to some of the troops, and to the "Queen's Rangers," a Tory organization, which was commanded later by the notorious Simcoe. At Richmond was raised the old fort which the Hessians probably kept. Tradition does not speak well of the Hessians, who quartered their horses in sacred ground, and preyed upon the residents, "rebel and loyal" alike. The Hessians were miserably treated by the English, and despised by everybody. Some of them made little farms at Richmond, and when the English went home, remained behind and became good citizens. But notwithstanding these exceptions, tradition speaks harshly of these mercenaries. They were undoubtedly hated, and consequently didn't care what they did. There was plenty of life and excitement in Richmond those days. The American troops came over from Jersey once, and walked right through the town, making prisoners, which they afterwards drove into a pigsty because they couldn't carry them away. I can't picture the town at that moment, but I can realize how the soldiers came to be surprised. When they were left alone, the Hessians must have had a beautiful time sleeping. What always struck me as an instance of poetic justice was the fact that loyalist and rebel suffered alike in those days. Of course the enemy would be expected to prey upon his enemy's goods, especially if that particular enemy was absent and engaged in fighting; but the beauty of the thing is that the invaders made no difference between anybody. The shelter and food were there, so the soldiers availed themselves accordingly. The "loyalist" who lacked the courage of his convictions, or proclaimed himself such for policy's sake, had just as hard a time of it as his rebel neighbor, and his trials were not over when the British went away and his neighbor came back a patriot. Those were glorious old days—to dream about. And the dream has something real about it to-day when you visit that little village in the green valley. Richmond has changed but little since the English left. The progress of the world has left it far, far behind, and it can probably never catch up.

II.—NOTES FROM OLD RECORDS.

In the county clerk's office at Richmond there are several old volumes to which I had recourse. Save in local histories, and then only briefly, these old books have never been opened to the world. Thanks are due Mr. Cornelius A. Hart, the County Clerk, who did all in his power to facilitate our search for historic material, both literary and artistic. He has turned chaos into order, and rescued much valuable information that has heretofore reposed beneath the dust of ages. One old volume, rebound for preservation, begins:

> "Entrys & Records of all wills, Inventorys, grants, deeds, Morgages, & other conveyances of land upon Staten Island in this county aforesd Recorded & kept by his Royall highnesses authority & begun the ffirst day of March in the yeare of Or Lord 1688 and in the Six and thirtieth yeare of the Reigne of Or Soveraigne Lord Charles the second by the grace of God over England, Scotland, France and Ireland King Defender of the Faith, &c."

This was written nine years after the surrender of New York by the Dutch, and nearly twenty-three years after the accession of Charles II. The record, however, reads "in the Six & thirtieth yeare" of Charles's reign, and brings up a question of history. The old writer may have made the mistake of a year or two, but other entries bear this one out, and thus there are thirteen odd years tacked on to the reign of the king. The Protectorate did not last quite seven years, and from the death of Charles I. to the accession of his son was only eleven years. Charles II. ascended the throne on the 29th of May, 1660, but it is evident that the old chronicler dates his reign not from that year, nor from the day of his father's death, but from the surrender of Charles I. by the Scotch, when Parliament practically bereft him of power. The Protectorate is wholly ignored, and one might assume, in the absence of other records, that no Cromwells ever lived. It is natural to suppose that Charles considered himself king during his years of exile, but what was the use of dating his reign more than two years before his father's death? The point is interesting.

This old record later on speaks of "the fourth yeare of the Reigne of our souvraigne Lord James the Second.... in the yeare of our Lord Christe, One Thousand Six Hundred, Eighty & Eight," at the time when James was doing his best to escape from England, and the people anxious to have him go. But the king's flight and abdication must have been startling to the ancient clerk, for a later entry expresses mild surprise in referring to "our *now* sovereigns, Lord and Lady William and Mary." Afterwards comes "Lord william the third," "our sovereigne Lady Anne," and elsewhere in some record a reference is made to "Gorge." Wild flourishes of ancient clerks pervade the book. There is such a lot of unnecessary abbreviation and such wonderful instances of phonetic spelling that strongly suggest Volapük.

Another record, with its original vellum cover, is dated 1680, and contains the general official happenings. No kind of uniformity was attempted by those who kept it. Wherever the clerk happened to open the volume and find a blank page, there he wrote, and the consequence is a most bewildering jumble of dates. To an old date "Stephen Phidito" makes his mark, suggesting the picture of the original gerrymander, or a rooster with an English flag as a hat. It is believed that this gentleman was an Indian, and he must have been a rich man, for he makes several transfers and conveyances, varying his mark but slightly. It may have been that he followed the customs of his ancestors in being an "Injun-giver," for, I believe, the Indians sold Staten Island to different parties no less than six separate and distinct times, solemnly binding the bargain each time. Some of the expressions to be found in the book are exceedingly quaint, a release of some debt in 1696 reading, "from the beginning of the world unto this judgment day." It may have been that the creditor scarcely expected a return before the crack of doom, and adopted this form of expressing his delight. Distinctions are nicely made in wills, some of which begin, "To all Xtian people to whom this writing shall come," while others enumerate at exceeding length their belief in the present and hopes for the future. The offences tried before the officers of the county were mostly of a simple nature. The general result in all cases was that somebody had to pay costs, and such weight is placed on this that one might imagine the collections of the same to be the end and aim of justice. One record states that

> "At A Court held on staton Island By the Constabl and over sears of the seam on this present Monday of being the 2 day Jeenery 1681. The Plf Most humbly sheweth that the deft Borood the sum of sixteen shillings and nin pence....But the deft Refuses to pay the seam....Whereas the Court ordering twixt the Plf and deft hath Bin heard the deft not Apearing the Court ordereth the deft to pay the debt with cost of Seut."

Punctuation points must have been exceedingly precious to these old clerks, for they but rarely indulged in them, but they compensate for any loss by a lavish use of capitals.

There has been a movement of late in favor of new and better roads. People are interested in the subject, and the authorities are being talked at and written at. It was the same a century and more ago. Some men got together and turned over the subject, "& A Pittion" was the result. The clerk records it as "September the 16th, Anno Domini 1762," and tells quaintly how the supervisors met, discussed the matter, "and found it convenient to make a small Alteration." What an unconscious old humorist the writer of that phrase was, and how beautifully he wrote down the civil authorities forever! *Found it convenient*—just exactly the right words. A curious old phrase used here and there is, "Divine by letters Pattent." Even though a king had been beheaded, the "king's touch" was still something real, and "letters pattent" could make a god.

Cattle roamed at large those days, and most of a book is given up to recording the ear-marks of various owners. This is an interesting one:

> "Nov. 10th, 1725.—Jacob van der Bilt his mark for his Cattle, horses and Sheep is a crop of the off Ear and a Square cut in the under side of the near or left Ear."

This was the great-grandfather of the "Commodore," and the first of the family to reside upon Staten Island. Later comes a supplementary note:

> "Richmond County August 21st 1772 Recorded at the request of Jacob Vanderbilt the Ear Mark of his Cattle and Sheep &c. Viz.: a Crop of the off Ear and a Square cut in the under side of the near or left Ear. This is the same mark as was formerly his Gr—father Jacob Vanderbilt."

Sometimes the clerk was not as precise as he might have been, as in the following instance: "July th 25: 1703 Nicholas Britting his mark with two slits under the Left ear and one under the right," which must have been rather uncomfortable if the record is correct. There is page after page of "Damages done by dogs," enumerating the money paid out by the county. The accounts are all in pounds, shillings, and pence, and when the new money came in, special note is made of it.

> "At a meeting of the Suppvisors on the 24 Day of Novemr 1778 They examen the Book and accounts of their Treasurer....and found that ther....remain in his hands clear of demand one hundred & Eleven Pound Seven Shill: & 8d amongst which are Fourty Seven pound fifteen Shill & 4d in Connecticute New York Jersey & Congress Bills."

Again mention is made of "Continental, Pensulvany, Jersey, Newyork & Connecticute Bills."

To restrain the Continental troops in Jersey from visiting the island a gunboat was employed by the British. Insult was added to injury when the county was taxed for its support, and there are several records of "Payment for Servis done on board the Gunnboat."

These records are so well preserved and full of interest that they are almost too brief at times. I like to see the reverence with which their various "Majestis" are handled, and the care with which the scribe occasionally printed "God save the Queen!" at the conclusion of some entry. Grand Jury presentments in 1712 include the following offences: "for carrying of Syder on the Sabbath day," and "for being drunk on the Sabbath day," for which "process" were issued against the offenders. Indeed, 'most all the wickedness seems to have been committed on Sunday, and the descendants of the Dutch and Huguenots who first settled the island seem to have lapsed into uncompromising Puritans. "For allowing his negroe to Cary Irone to the Smith's on the Sabbath day" a man was duly indicted, and other presentments are strongly suggestive of the Blue Laws. It took a long time to get from place to place in those days, and it may be that the spirit of Cromwell first reached the colonies fifty years after his death. It is apparent, however, that Sunday was regarded as a day of rest, and the "Constabl and over sears" intended to keep it such, if everybody in the county was fined; and a search through the records disclosed the fact that a great many people were.

MOUNT IZZARD AND OTHER POINTS.

THE OLD FORT.

The earthworks of Mount Izzard crown
The summit of the hill
O'erlooking quaint old Richmond town,
And highway, meadow, wood, and down
From ocean-side to kill.

Two gray old poplars, stiff and straight,
Rise from Fort Izzard's mound
Like British sentinels sedate,
Guarding a charge most desolate,
Yet to their honor bound.

And up the hill, 'mid brush and brier,
A grove of stately firs
Toward the guarded height aspire;
They seem to tremble with desire
At every wind which stirs.

Seen from afar the trees incline
Unto the hill-side slope,
Like gallant soldiers who design
To rush upon the foeman's line
With energy of hope.

The regiment of firs grows tall
And strong with passing years,
But from the grass-grown, rounded wall
The poplars' shadows o'er them fall
As each its trust still bears.

But the two guardians are gray;
Their work is nearly done;
Erelong they will have passed away,
While climbing upward day by day,
The firs have nearly won.

They re-enact the days of old.
The firs are "rebel" hosts;
The poplars, shivering with cold,
The slaves of might and British gold,
Are hated Hessian ghosts.

The old fort may be recognized from afar by the guardian poplars. There is life and action in the firs beneath; they incline forward as men who charge up hill, and before long they will overtop the brow and shut out the fort. When the fort was last visited the only real live sentinel on duty was a mild-eyed Jersey cow, but the poplars shook and shivered like skeleton ghosts. The name of the fort is not found in any record, and I learned it by accident some years ago from an old resident. The outline of the works is perfect—as clearly defined as though made last year. The firs are of recent growth, and before they had attained their present height the ocean could be seen miles away on one side, and the New Jersey shore on the other. Every road and meadow in the valley beneath could be plainly traced, and Richmond was a toy village, possessing those awful heights of roof and twist of gable that belong to the yellow and green houses of a Noah's ark nursery village. The steep front of this fort made a successful assault wellnigh impossible, but I know of no instance where it was attempted. It could not have been a pleasant place to sleep, however, when the boats of the Americans might be seen by day, and night magnified every shadow, and each tree hid an American. Local traditions of that time are full of daring ventures and wonderful escapes of the ragged Continental. At one time a rumor spread that "M. Lafayette, a Frenchman, at the head of some of his Majesty's deluded subjects, had threated to plant French colors on the Richmond redoubts," and the "Queen's Rangers" at Richmond were unduly excited, but M. Lafayette put in no appearance.

The presence of any of the American generals in New Jersey at once gave rise to all sorts of vague rumors, and many a visit was made to Elizabeth and New Brunswick by the British in hopes of catching some great person. But they returned disappointed, and generally minus some of their troops. The Americans never exhibited any strong desire to wrest Richmond from its red-coated occupants, being content with worrying them in a petty way, and visiting their outposts when they least expected it. Those were great days for Richmond, and gave the little place a page in history, but Richmond is suffering to-day from the reaction of those stirring times.

Between St. Andrew's Church and Mount Izzard stands a stone house that antedates the Revolution by many years. There are a dozen or more of like pattern thereabouts, but a particular study was made of this one. The house is built of rough stone and white mortar, with peaked roof covered with hand-made shingles. Everything about the house is hand-made and home-made, and it stands to-day a monument of the skill of its old builder. There are four rooms in the house, all on the ground-floor. The walls are nearly two feet in thickness, and above the rafters are several inches of stone and mud. The kitchen is most interesting. The rafters are black with smoke, and, just above the hearthstone, charred with the flame. The chimney begins at the rafters, about eighteen inches wide and three feet long, like a wide mouth to eat the flame and smoke, then it gradually tapers until the normal size is reached at the peak of the roof. The hearth-stones are several immense slabs, like paving-stones, laid neatly on the ground even with the flooring. Upon this hearth the fire was built, and blazed merrily against the wall of the house, and above are bars and hooks from which the kettles and pots were suspended. To the left is a small brick arch in the wall, which connects with the outside oven, the ruins of which are plainly marked. The windows are small, with solid wooden blinds and heavy fastenings, for Indians probably lived near by when the house was built. The wood-work of the house is fastened with heavy wooden pegs, and the latches and hinges on the door are home-made and curious in pattern. One set of hinges is shaped something like a sunfish with an elongated tail, and the iron is wrapped around and around the upright bolt on which it swings. Between the kitchen and the next room is a tiny entry, of which one side was utilized as a closet. There are two doors from this entry, one from either room, and by this means one might pass into the kitchen without allowing the smoke tó fill the house. To judge by the walls and rafters of the kitchen, this precaution was necessary. Each room has a double Dutch door leading outside, and the connecting doors are of plain wood. In one room the walls are all panelled with small oblong pieces of wood set upright, and the effect is very pleasing. The beams on which the floor is laid rest on the ground, and are thick and solid, as are the rafters as well. The old high mantel has been taken away from the room at the other end of the house from the kitchen, to accomplish which part of the side wall was torn down. Outside the house, in the long weeds, was found an old hand-made plough and harrow, rude in make, and yet as effective as more modern implements.

Going through the deserted house, the window-shutters creaked in the wind, and there was a general sense of loneliness as we discovered each interesting point and speculated upon the pioneer who had done so well with so little. There is no doubt about it, the men of the seventeenth century built better houses than we do to-day, so far as durability is concerned. They did not erect gingerbread structures and call them "Queen Anne"; they built before Queen Anne reigned, and built to outlast a dozen queens. Our successors will probably comment upon this a hundred years from now, when they come across these old houses, and compare them with like buildings of the present day. They will term us superficial, and we undoubtedly are. When we decide to build a house, we are in such a hurry to get into it that the work is necessarily hurried. But that is the fashion of the age, and a very selfish fashion it is, too. We will leave an enormous city crowded with big business houses and cramped dwellings, and a country dotted with strange specimens of hybrid architecture in all stages of decay, and posterity will wonder if we had no time for living and its attendant cares.

Down the hill again into Richmond. Just beyond the church-yard is a long low house more than a century and a half in age, yet it seems modern now, age being merely relative. There is an old millstone sunk into the road as a carriage block, bearing evidence of long use. The mill, however, is gone. A little stream flows under the road, from the meadows to the marshes, spanned by a curious old bridge of stone. The sides, surmounted by flag-stones, are low and wide, affording a comfortable seat. The bridge may not be so very old. I do not know its exact age, but it does not look modern, and I was glad to find it. It suggested youthful romance. We had found suggestions of everything else before—soldiers and forts; old houses and older records filled the mind; and here was a place where youth and maid might sit and build castles in the moonlight. A more prosaic after-thought regarding the proximity of the church-yard to the salt-marsh and its miasmatic curtain as a back ground was detrimental to the dream of romance. The bridge would certainly not be the place for moonlight dreaming. Just beyond this is a two-story frame dwelling with shingled sides, the shingles black with age, lacking all uniformity; the lines run at variance with each other, as though several hands were engaged in the work of shingling, and each started where he pleased, and followed his inclination to wave in his work when it suited.

The whistle of the stage that connects with the train sounds out. The afternoon is waning, and the falling sun, by means of light and shadow, accents the curious angles and curves of the old place. We go down the same road where the soldiers marched long ago, past the sites of the old taverns and the still swinging sign of the "Black Horse." The road-side is dotted with little houses belonging to the days of Cocklestown, and then Richmond is left behind in the valley—a memory of olden days. The railroad station is at Nieuwe Dorp, where lived Jacob van der Bilt, "the son of Aris and Hilitje his wife," and but a short distance back rises the magnificent tomb of William H. Vanderbilt, the railroad king, who sleeps where his forefathers kept their farm nearly two hundred years ago. Beyond is the ocean, a large steamer fading into the horizon, and the snipe dancing on the beach. Then the train rounds the curve as though it felt the influence of the surrounding age.

MISS ADA REHAN.

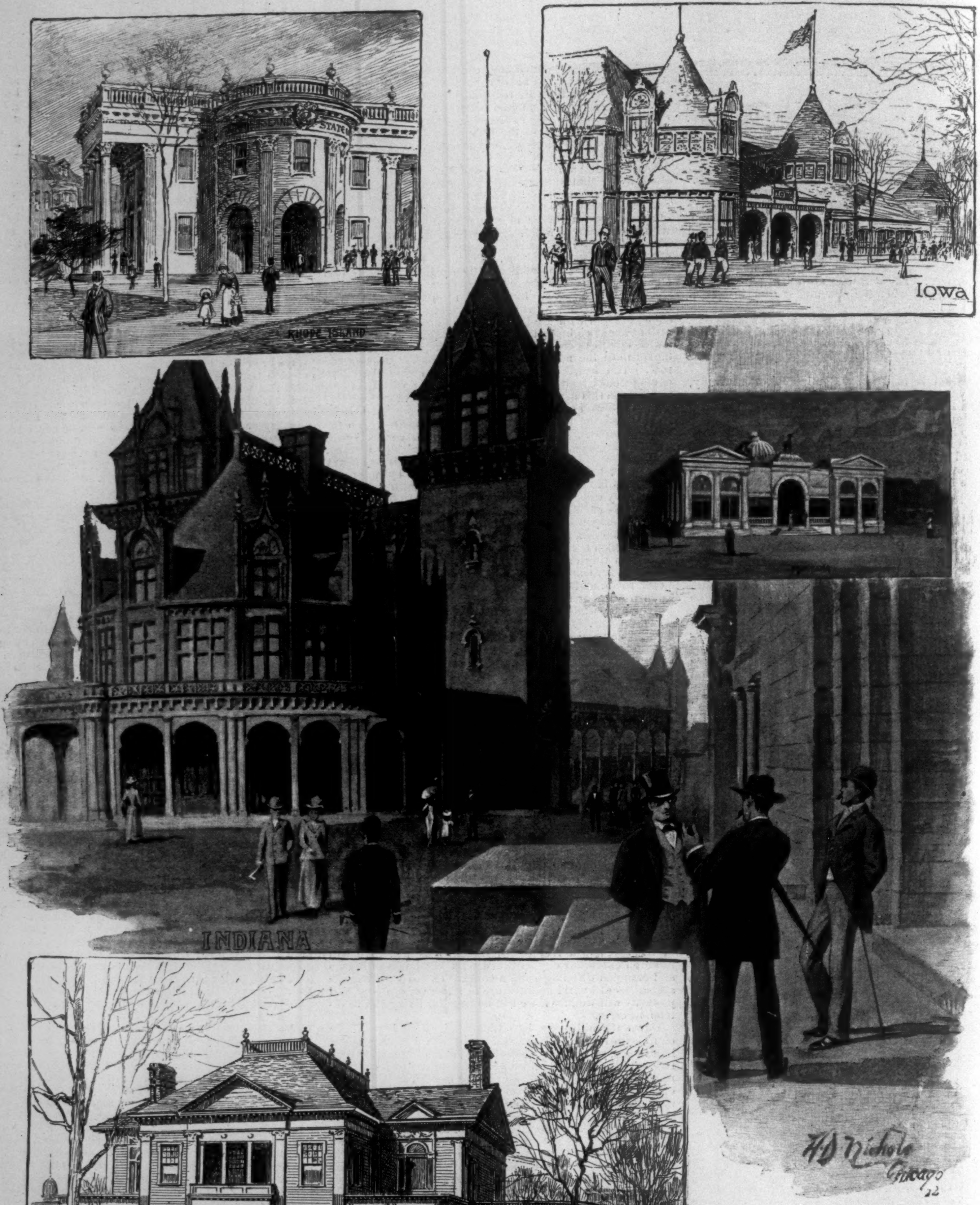
MISS ADA REHAN, of Daly's Theatre, has recently posed to Mr. R. H. Park as a model for his statue of Justice, to be cast in silver and exhibited in the Montana section of the Columbian Exhibition. A picture of the statue is given on another page of this paper, together with several pictures of Miss Rehan in the costumes of some of her principal parts. The controversy started by some other actresses as to which person was first asked to be a model for Mr. Park must have been peculiarly distasteful to Miss Rehan, who has never obtruded herself or her affairs before the public, but has lived so quietly that, except as an actress and on the stage, she is very much less known than many women in private life in New York. She prefers to be known by the public as an actress, and stoutly maintains that even actresses should have the rights of privacy willingly accorded to other people. She has always scorned to advertise herself by taking advantage of every adventitious circumstance. So strong is her repugnance to an exhibition of herself in her private capacity that the stares of men and women, who in the theatre have learned to know her face, have driven her from the elevated railroad in New York, and she now makes the long journey to and from the theatre in a carriage. She appears to be guided in her attitude towards the public by that safe rule that Emerson laid down when he gave the wise counsel, "Lovers, preserve your strangeness."

Miss Rehan has been a member of Daly's company for something more than a dozen years, and during that time she has had an almost unbroken series of triumphs in characters ranging from farce through melodrama to comedy. To the interpretation of all of these characters she has always brought a high intelligence and an earnestness that indicated that she thoroughly believed in the old-fashioned idea that what was worth doing at all was worth doing well. Indeed, Miss Rehan's training has been as old-fashioned as theatrical training is possible to be in these times when a taking play runs through a whole season. She began her career in a stock company, playing the smallest kinds of parts, and for much the better part of her career she has been with Mr. Daly's company, which has during all the while consisted to a great extent of the same players. In this company she has always taken the leading parts, and as the company has acted a very wide range of plays, she has been heard reciting Shakespeare's or Tennyson's poetical lines in one month, and in another dancing about the stage in some farce adapted from the German, and largely made up of boisterous horse-play. That she can acquit herself with great credit in such parts as widely divergent as Rosalind and the hoydenish girl who sings, "I've come to see you, Miss Jenny O'Jones," shows how great is her versatility, how wide the range of her capacity.

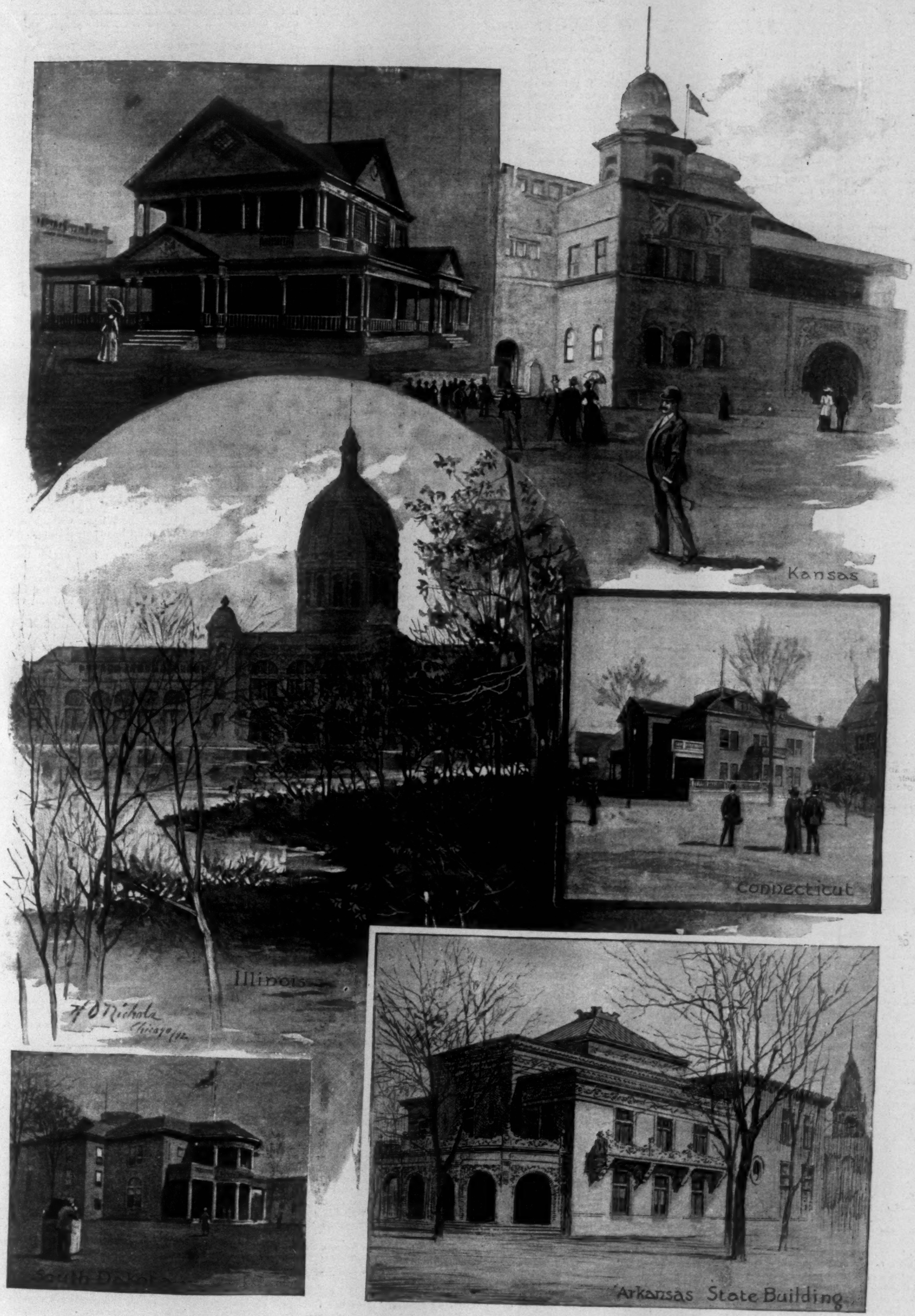
The ordinary actress nowadays plays but one part for a season or so. With the aid of a costly wardrobe, the particulars of which are shrewdly advertised in the newspapers, she feels that she is equipped to command success. And very frequently such a one does achieve a certain kind of success. She makes money, and she makes investments, and an enterprising manager tells the public about these investments as he does about the gowns that his star arrays herself in. All these publications excite public curiosity, and induce people to go and see the gowns and the woman who has made money until she owns houses and lands and has large sums lent on bond and mortgage. These are the tricks of charlatans, but the people who resort to them are not so much to blame so long as the public takes an interest in such gossip. But it is not art, most certainly. If acting be a great and high art, such undignified advertising is a debasement of the art. The really great actors have not done such things. They have not needed to do them, and those qualities of mind and feeling that enabled them to become great have made such tricks repugnant to them. Mr. Booth and Mr. Jefferson have each guarded his private life from the public view, and so have the others who rank near to these great players. Miss Rehan has followed such examples not only because they were the best, but because such a course was natural to her. No one has ever heard of the new dresses Miss Rehan was to wear; no one has heard of her private outgoings and incomings; no one has been told where her earnings were invested, or what they amounted to. These things she has kept to herself. But all have heard of her art. That belongs to the public, and the New York public, which has watched it grow and expand, takes a pride in it as though it reflected some honor on the city in which she has played so long.

Miss Rehan may not be an actress of the greatest type, like Rachel and Siddons and Bernhardt; she may lack the commanding genius that made these great. But if she is lower than these, she is not so very much lower, for she is a thorough artist, and art comes to her rescue in the regards where a failure would be possible. This art and her devotion to it have made her easily the most popular and the most skilful actress to-day on the American stage. This one and that may do special parts better than she; there may be better Rosalinds, better Katherines, better Lady Teazles; there may be some who would be more agile and boisterous in the bouncing farces of the stage; but there is none who could play all of these characters and come so near to a satisfactory perfection in all of them as she. The serious dramatic critics have accorded this much to her, and many have gone to even greater lengths. There is in her manner at all times so wholesome a naturalness, so infectious a gayety, that she wins the liking of all who behold her. She is now acting Rosalind in New York, and of her performance Mr. William Winter, than whom there is no more discriminating critic, has said:

"Miss Rehan again embodied Rosalind, and again proved the truth and the beauty of her ideal. She does not strive to make Rosalind an abstract and supernal being, but she makes her an ardent, gleeful woman, exultant in her abounding vitality, her affluent spirits, her power of enchantment, her wildwood freedom, and her victorious and prosperous love. She views Rosalind as the incarnation of happiness, and she plays the part in one continuous strain of buoyant, elastic, sparkling animation, softened here and there with touches of sentiment and suffused with the ardor of a passionate heart. Her impersonation is human, not angelic, and it can be perfectly understood. She was piquant in the woodland scenes; almost tragic in the swoon scene; remarkably felicitous in her by-play with Orlando, and at all times beautiful to see and exquisite to hear. Those sapient observers who expect Rosalind, because she is a princess, to exhibit the London drawing-room manner will be disappointed in the embodiment that is given by Ada Rehan. Her presentment of the part, meantime, is true to Shakespeare, and is full of grace and sweetness; and more than any portrayal of Rosalind that our stage has shown, it merits the tribute Kitty Clive paid to Mrs. Siddons, 'She is all nature and daylight.'"


RHODE ISLAND
Iowa
INDIANA
West Virginia
H D Nichols
Chicago
92

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A GROUP OF STATE BUILDINGS.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.


Kansas
Connecticut
Illinois
H D Nichols
Chicago /92
South Dakota
Arkansas State Building

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A GROUP OF STATE BUILDINGS.—Drawn by H. D. Nichols.

THE PASSING OF THE SHINNECOCKS.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

SOUTHAMPTON, down on the eastern end of Long Island, is a village of New York, and as it is connected with the metropolis by rail, the business now done there also comes in this direction; but in everything else it is a New England town. The people come from the old Puritan stock; their manners and customs are those of the New-Englanders, and the accent of their speech is much more like that heard in the neighborhood of Boston than anywhere near New York. This is all quite natural, for the place was settled in 1640 by Puritans who had stopped a little while in New England and then came to Long Island with a patent given by the agent of the Earl of Stirling, who, by royal gifts and purchase, was the proprietor of that part of Long Island. This patent was confirmed in a very guarded way by John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, who, though he saw no necessity for any patent from Lord Stirling if the colonists bought the property from the Indians, evidently believed that the title to the property would not be hurt if the colony agreed to pay annually to Lord Stirling four bushels of the best Indian-corn, or the equivalent thereof in money. And so with such rights the colonists made a settlement on the eastern shore of Long Island. Four bushels of corn a year was not a very large price to pay for eight miles square of land, some of which has recently been sold for $5000 an acre. But this was not all that had to be paid.

When the Southampton colonists arrived on Long Island they found all the part that they wished to settle in the possession of the Shinnecock tribe of Indians, and from time immemorial the salt-meadows, the sand hills, and the stunted forests had been the hunting-grounds of this tribe, which did not live in one community, but was divided up into many small bands. The Indian tradition when the white people arrived was that the tribe had been as numerous as the sands of the sea; but if this tradition were true, the tribe must have diminished very materially, for in 1640 the chiefs of the tribe were willing to agree that the Shinnecocks would give up all rights to the lands the Southampton settlers wished if the white people would defend them from the marauding bands of Rhode Island Indians, who made frequent journeys across the Sound. Here is the quaint old document by which the Shinnecocks confirmed Lord Stirling's patent:

> This indenture made the 13th day of December, Anno Dom. 1640, betweene Pomatuck, Mandush, Mocamanto, Pathemanto, Wybbenett, Wainmenowog, Heden, Watemexoted, Checkepuchat, the natiue Inhabitants & true owners of the Eastern pt. of Long Island, on the one part, and Mr. John Gosmer, Edward Howell, Daniell How, Edward Needham, Thomas Halsey, John Cooper, Thomas Sayre, Edward ffarrington, Job Sayre, George Welbee, Allen Breade, Will'm Harker, Henry Walton, on the other part, witnesseth that the said Indians for due consideration of Sixteene coats already received, and alsoe three score bushells of Indian corne to bee payed vpon lawfull demand the last of September, which shall be in the yeare 1641, & further in consideration that the above named English shall defend vs the sayed Indians from the uniust violence of whatever Indians shall illegally assaile vs, doe absolutely & forever give & grant & by these presents doe acknowledge ourselues, to have giuen & granted without any fraude, guile, mentall reservation or equivocation to them & their heires & successors for ever, all the lands, woods, waters, water courses, easements, proffits & emoluments thence arisinge what soeuer, from the place comonly knowne by the place where the Indians hayle over their cannoes out of the North bay to the South Side of the Island, from thence to possess all the lands lying Eastward between the forsaid bounds by water, to wit, all the land pertaining to the parteyes aforesaid, as also all the old ground formerly planted lying Eastward from the first creek at the Westemore End of Shinecock plaine, To have & to hold forever without any claime or challenge of the least title, interest or proprietory whatsoever of vs the sayd Indians or our heyers or successors or any others by our leave, appointment, license, counsel or authority whatsoever, all the land bounded as is above said. In full testimonal of this our absolute bargaine, contract & grant indented & in full & complete satisfaction & establishment of this our act & deed of passing over all our title & interest in the premises, with all emoluments & profits thereto appertaining or anywise belonging from sea or land within our limits above specified without all guile wee haue set to our hands the day and year above sayd.
>
> Memorand. Before the subscribing of this present writing it is agreed that the Indians above named shall haue libertie to breake vp ground for their vse to the westward of the creek afore mentioned on the west side of Shinecock plaine.
>
> MANATACUT × his mark
> WYBENET × his mark
> MANDUSH × his mark
> HOWES × his mark
> SKOOMMKOOCK × his mark
> MOCOMANTO × his mark
> these in the name of the rest.
>
> Witnesses of the deliverie and subscribinge this writing,
>
> ABRAHAM PIERSON,
> ROBERT TERRY,
> THOMAS WHITEHONE,
>
> EDWARD STEPHENSON,
> JOSEPH HOWE,
> JOSHUA GRIFFITHS,
> WILLIAM HOWE.

This deed was confirmed before "Llift. Collonll John Youngs Esq., one of his Majesties Iustices of the peace," by eleven of the chiefs and sachems of the Shinnecock tribe in 1686. In 1703 three more sachems confirmed the deed before Justice John Wheeler. As to why it was necessary to have these formal confirmations forty-six and sixty-three years after the original deed the records of Southampton are silent. This original deed and the consideration for it, together with the subsequent confirmation of it, would appear to indicate that the white settlers and the Shinnecocks were on very friendly terms. And such may have been the case, as there is only one record of any serious damage having been done to the settlers by the Indians. But these Puritan pioneers were cautious folk, and were not taking any chances as to a surprise from neighbors in whom they had little confidence. At night a strict watch was kept, and when they went to meeting one-half of the men, under arms, did sentinel duty. At one time in the history of Southampton all of the men were required by law to go to church armed to resist any attack. One year after the original deed this law was promulgated.

"Yt is ordered that noe man shall giue or lende vnto any Indian or Indians either gunnes pistolles or any other instrument of Warre viz, powder, shott, Bullets, Matches, Swords or any other engine of Warre whatsoeer. Upon payne of the forfeiture of his whole personall estate found within the limits of Southampton and also to be lyable to the Censure of the Court for what corporal punishment they shall thinke meete to inflict vpon such like offenders."

And a few years later, when John Cooper was given the monopoly of selling liquor within the town, this privilege was given to him on condition that he would not sell to the Indians or permit any of his customers to sell to them. In these various ways did the Southampton people treat the neighboring Indians in the pioneer days. These methods were not at all peculiar at that time, and the only notable thing about the Shinnecock tribe is that it should have lasted so long in its original home. To go east was impossible, for there was the Sound and the sea; and after a few years, to go west would have taken the Shinnecocks into a more densely settled locality than Southampton. There seemed nothing left for them to do but to settle down where they were, and make the best of existing conditions. The very weakness of the tribe was the reason that it was not exterminated more than a century ago. An indication of this is found in the stipulation in the deed that the English should defend the Shinnecocks from the unjust violence of any other Indians. The Shinnecocks had long been in dread of the Pequots and the Narragansetts from the other side of the Sound, and it is likely that the defence of them from these enemies weighed much more as a consideration for the land than the sixteen coats and the threescore bushels of corn. It is not on record, however, that the English ever interfered to protect the Shinnecocks from any of their savage enemies. It is more than likely that the Puritans of Southampton in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would have been glad enough to have seen the Shinnecocks wiped out by whomsoever. Mr. William S. Pelletreau, who has made a study of the colonial history of eastern Long Island, ventures the opinion that the Shinnecocks never numbered more than 200 fighting men. This does not seem a very formidable army, but there was danger always that the Indians of Abaquatuwamuch (Shelter Island) and of Montauk might form an alliance against the English. This danger was aggravated by the fact that Dutch traders in barter were continually furnishing these Indians guns and ammunition. But the Shinnecocks never grew any stronger than they were in 1640, while the whites steadily increased, so that when the war for independence began, the quota of patriot troops from the neighborhood of Southampton was larger than that of all the rest of Long Island. Meantime the Shinnecocks, shut up on the land they had reserved for themselves, were obliged to adopt to some extent the white man's method of life or to starve. They have not starved exactly; they have dwindled away; so that while the population was 2000 or more 250 years ago, there are now not more than 150 in the tribe, and of these I think I am perfectly safe in saying that not more that two are of pure Indian blood. Indeed, in my own opinion, neither of the men pointed out to me as of pure descent is so. I was sure that I could detect in the features and the hair of both unmistakable signs of African blood. It is with the negroes that the remnants of the Shinnecocks have mated, and now among the inhabitants of the reservation there must be nine parts of negro to one part of Indian blood.

The Shinnecocks have always been wretched farmers, and judging by what I saw recently of their agricultural methods, the admixture of African blood has not improved either the skill or the industry of the aborigines. The sparse fields of corn seen here and there on the reservation are choked with weeds, and yellow from lack of tillage. The potato patches I saw had all suffered seriously from neglect. The houses are falling to decay, and everything looks hopeless. But there was a time when many of the Shinnecocks shared in the occupations of the white people, and acquitted themselves with great credit. I allude to the whaling period in Southampton history. The Shinnecock at sea, whether pure blood or half-breed, made an exact sailor. The discipline of the forecastle was good for him, at least so long as he was afloat. Many of them got to be mates, and one became a captain. This distinguished sailor-man was not a pure-bred Indian, but was part negro, and probably had a small though potential quantity of white blood. This was Captain Lee; and any one down towards Southampton or Sag Harbor can tell of his giant stature and immense strength. This Captain Lee was the son of a still more famous man—Parson Lee.

Parson Lee was a mulatto, who ran away from Virginia, and made his way to Connecticut. He always said that he had belonged to the famous Lee family of Virginia, and that in a certain sense he still had a connection with it. At any rate, he was a man of parts and energy. In Connecticut he became a Second Adventist, and as such was licensed to preach. So he became Parson Lee. Crossing over the Sound, he went as a missionary among the Shinnecocks. He married a squaw, and converted the whole tribe to his belief. It may be said right here that the Shinnecocks have frequently changed their church. As to just when they became Christians I know not, but it was so long ago that even the oldest among them now remembers the celebration of no Indian rites whatever. They were Presbyterians when Parson Lee changed them into Second Adventists. Since his death they have been Congregationalists, and now they are Presbyterians again. During Parson Lee's life, one of the Ascension days arrived. He got the faithful together on a sand hill to wait for the summons to a better world. They were all dressed in white ascension robes. All day long they waited for the summons. Towards evening some of them grew weary, and fell to sleep. Among these was the Parson. When night had fallen, some of the irreverent youngsters from Southampton set the dry grass on fire, and in a little while, with crackle and smoke, the fire was creeping towards the white-robed and sleeping Shinnecocks. The smoke and heat awoke the slumberers, and among them Parson Lee. The Parson jumped to his feet, and beholding the encircling fire, exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"Here we are! Here we are! And, just as I expected, in the middle of hell!"

I cannot seriously set this down as a well-authenticated historical fact, but it has become a tradition in Southampton. Mr. J. H. Pierson, the president of the bank there and member of the State Legislature from Suffolk County, doubts the story very much, and is inclined to believe that it is too good to be true. But most of the people in the neighborhood of Southampton swear by its accuracy. Several of Captain Lee's sons and Parson Lee's grandsons were pointed out to me. They were unquestionably very fine-looking men. Indeed, all the men and women I saw on the reservation were sturdy and fine-looking. But notwithstanding this, the race, even as a race of half-breeds, is dying out. Only the very strongest reach manhood, and the birth rate is very much less than formerly. I had a talk with an old man of seventy, David Walker, said to be one of the two remaining pure-bred Indians. He told me that his grandfather had had sixteen children and his father eleven, while he had had only six, though he had had three wives. "They all seem to die young," he added, "and I don't know what's going to happen, when the young folks don't seem to be able to get over colds on their chists." That really appears to be what is the matter with them.

Tribal relations in an Indian sense ceased many years ago, and so long as any now living can remember the Indians have been governed, so far as they have had any government, by three trustees, elected annually by the Indians during a recess of the Southampton town meeting. The reservation on which they live is owned in common, though the houses erected are personal property. Whenever a member of the tribe wishes to turn farmer, the trustees allot to him such acreage as he wishes, and he keeps this so long as he chooses. There are no fences dividing these places, and if there are any trespasses they are settled among themselves, and the courts are rarely if ever asked to intervene. They have no police on the reservation, and while the disturbances from drunkenness and fighting are confined to this narrow neck of land on which the Indians live, no notice is taken of them by the civil authorities. As old David Walker put it to me, "So long as we slosh around among ourselves and raise Cain, and don't bother the white people, they don't bother us."

Some twelve years or so ago the British steamer *Circassian* ran ashore in a fog near Southampton. Labor was needed to lighten the ship so that she could be pulled off, and make her way to New York. The Shinnecocks were the most available laborers to be engaged for this work, and for several days pretty nearly all the able-bodied men of the tribe were at work on the stranded ship. One black and squally-looking night, when the ship was just about ready to start for New York, she had on board all of the young Shinnecocks—some dozen or more. They asked to be put ashore for the night, as they did not like the looks of the weather. The captain, however, swore that he would give no further employment to any man who went ashore. All remained save one, Alfonso Leezer. Leezer is now one of the trustees of the tribe. The rest all found watery graves, for the *Circassian* broke in two that night in a fearful storm, and all on board were lost. This was a severe blow to the Shinnecocks, for all of their strongest and best men were lost together.

This tribe was dwindling rapidly before the loss of the *Circassian;* since then it has decreased so fast that it is acknowledged by themselves now that only two of their number are of pure blood, and these two are both old men. There is an increasing demand in the neighborhood that the reservation should be divided in severalty. If this were done, in all probability the land would soon pass to other hands, for the half-breeds are indolent and thriftless. They dislike regular employment, and do not care to do more than a day's work here and there.

CHURCH'S "SORCERESS."

MR. F. S. CHURCH's picture, the "Sorceress," exhibited last year at the Society of American Artists in New York, is the spirituality of an artistic conception governing the whole execution of the work which made it remarkable.

Mr. Church, as far as the selection of his subject goes, is an idealist, and his is that predominating art sentiment which imbues outline and color with the self-same feeling. There is a tendency on the part of those who try to seize the purely poetical subject to be blurry in outline, diaphanous in color. "Would you have us put bitumen into a Puck or an Ariel?" they ask. "You must accept our dissolving views of our Will-o'-the-Wisps. Our mission is to be faintly suggestive. We paint incorporeal things. We give you the penumbra. We paint mystery."

Work of this illusive character may excite the artistic sympathy of the very few. But to paint a picture not understandable is to blunder—and as vaporishness is facile, pictorial enigmas are many. What is wanting is just that accuracy, truthfulness, that tempered realism, which Mr. Church possesses.

This picture of the "Sorceress" illustrates Mr. Church's particular talent. You might imagine the "Sorceress" to be a woman ready to dissolve herself into thin air, but never could you conceive a vanishing lioness. You might improvise your sorceress with faint tracery and wan colors, but a lioness must have a tawny hide, cruel mouth, fangs, and claws. She should crawl and quiver, her lustrous flanks must undulate. You might imagine a lacklustre female figure, but not an impalpable brute. Studying Mr. Church's secret, which makes him the most sympathetic of artists, we think it lies in this: That though replete with poetic sentiment, he has what is known as retenu. Though absorbed by his subject, in his animals he always puts on canvas what he knows. It is "a passionate patience" that makes Mr. Church the master of his own idealism. No artist in this country has studied so thoroughly animal form.

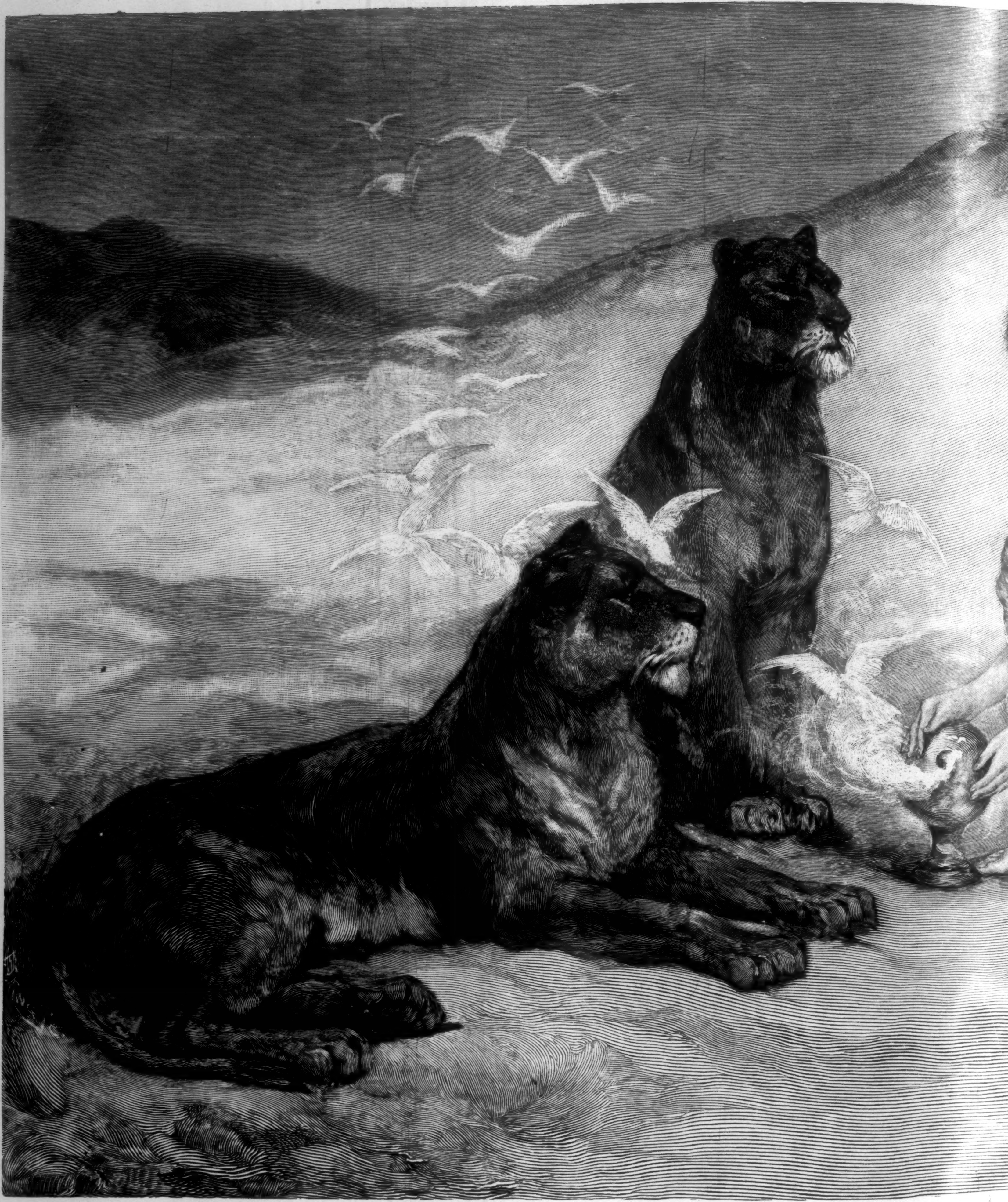
In the "Sorceress" there is a theme as if suggested by Keats or Shelley. The sorceress is not old or haggard, but a lovely woman in the full bloom of youth. The scarps of the low sand dunes are heaped around her, save where the hills separate, and there away beyond stretches the long arid distance. Grouped at her side are three lionesses. They would not harm her if they could. They typify in the picture the occult power of the woman. From a jar there come wreaths of vapor, snow white. What precious gums or spicery has she here slowly burning? Off go the whiffs of smoke, and they are so light, the air has so little movement, that the puffs of incense linger over the jar. Then, marvellous to tell, the smoke-drifts take form and substance. Soft down and feathers are born, pinions flutter, balance, and now, transformed from the sweet fumes, a flock of white pigeons wing their way one after another, until they disappear beyond the rim of the desert. Has she cast a spell? Is she lovesick, forlorn? Does she work her magic for herself? Will her white birds fly on forever, be lost, and never come back to her?

Conceive a delicate thought of this nature soberly, gently painted, and the story so well told that the most imaginative person would say, "Why, those birds are of smoke, and the smoke birds."

This "Sorceress" is the most suggestive of Mr. Church's works. It starts the melody, and the modulations of it are ever returning. It is a subtle thought naturalized, and to do that much is very high art indeed. The difficulties in such work are great. If the tendency on the one hand be to oversublimate the subject, on the other hand a heavy style would weight it down. The ideality of Mr. Church he holds in a leash. His refinement never savors of prettiness nor speciousness. The "Sorceress" is fair and shapely, human, not an Eastern ghoul or English witch.

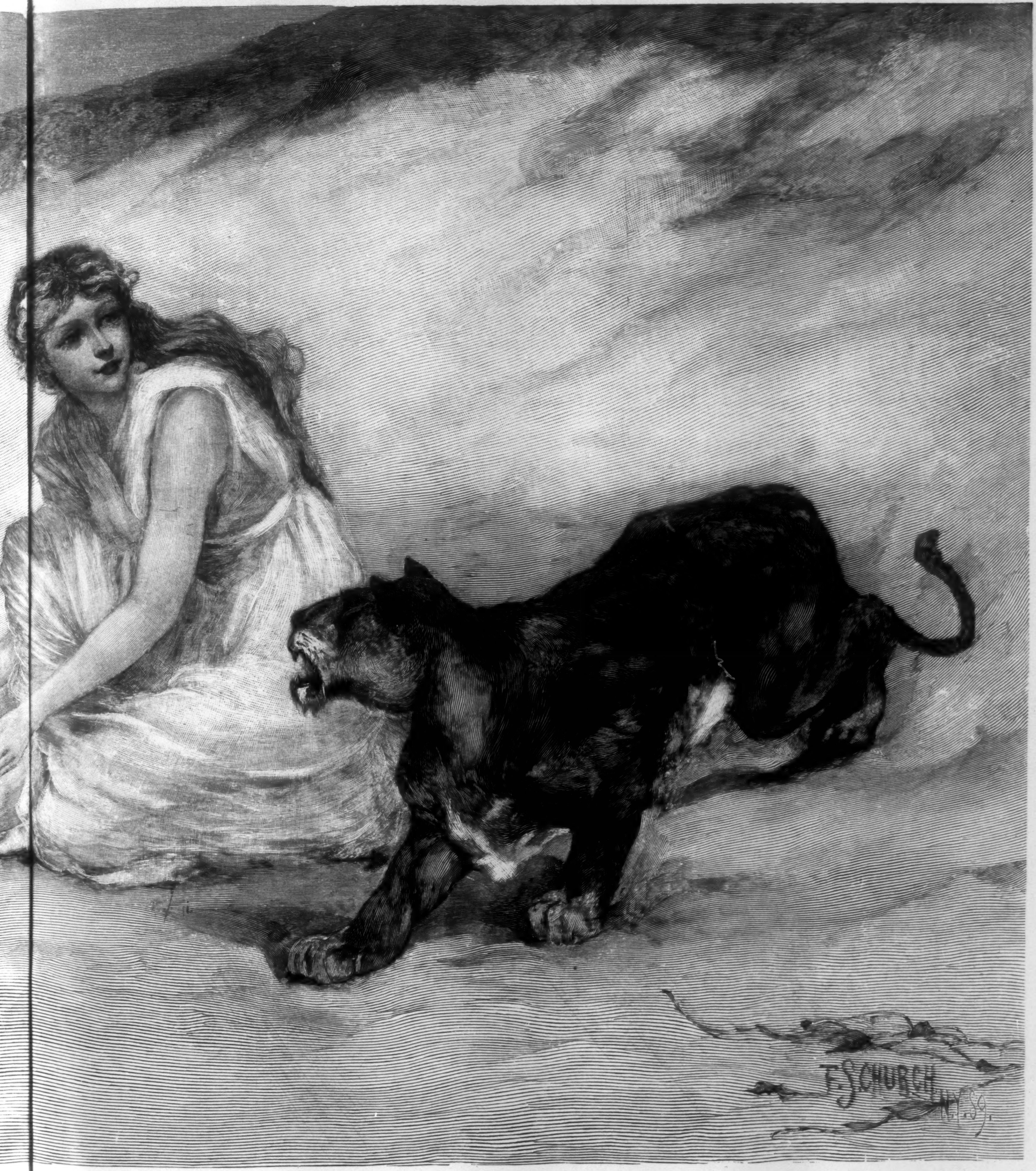
Mr. F. S. King's careful translation of Mr. Church's picture shows stronger than ever the fine quality of wood-engraving. The wood-engraver, in the highest consideration of his art, is not the servile copyist. If he were limited to making exac outlines alone, as well employ a machine. As Mr. King us his tools, he follows absolutely the color sentiment of hi picture. He has to do what seems to be impossible, to im pregnate himself with all the subtle influences of the pictur He may copy, but copying to him does not mean a coopin up. He must beware of stepping for an instant beyo the bounds of the artist whose work he reproduces. Te nical skill he must have, and in a measure forget it, or effe would be cramped. Such are the difficulties in the w when to a wood-engraver is given the task of interpreti such a work as Mr. Church's "Sorceress." "The Fog," pul lished in HARPER'S WEEKLY of June 14, 1890, was a triump on the part of Mr. King, and the "Sorceress" is the fittin pendant to the first. It is the final expression of Americ wood-engraving.

BARNET PHILLIPS.



HARPER'S WEEKLY, DECEMBER 31, 1892.

THE SORCERESS. FROM THE PAINTING BY F. S.


F. S. CHURCH
N.Y. 89.

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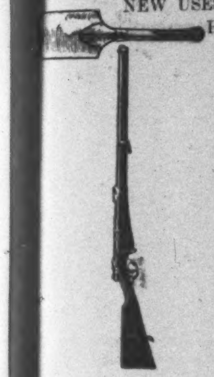
URCH, IN THE POSSESSION OF POTTER PALMER. ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

FIELD-MORTARS.

NEW USES FOR AN OLD WEAPON.

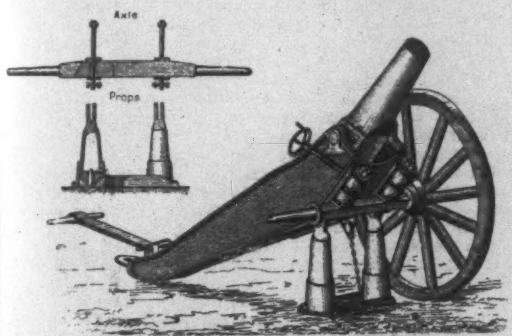


THE increased range, accuracy, and penetration of the rifle with which troops are now armed have made it more necessary than ever to intrench whenever troops are stationary for even a short period. The practice of the armies of both sides in our civil war has been fully adopted in all European armies. But instead of relying upon the cups, plates, knives, and bayonets from which our men improvised intrenching apparatus, the troops are regularly provided with light short-handled spades and picks, carried by the soldiers as necessary parts of their personal equipment. Covered constantly by hasty intrenchments, the soldier will be fully protected from direct fire. To endeavor to destroy these improvised field-works with field-artillery is wellnigh futile. To directly assault intrenched troops will be most costly. Momentarily the defence appears to have a decided advantage.

To circumvent the defence so-called torpedo shrapnel fired from ordinary field-guns is resorted to. These projectiles have the bursting charge of gun-cotton or mélinite in the front end. The bursting not alone breaks the case, but also neutralizes the forward velocity of the contained balls, and sends them and many of the fragments backward and downward with a considerable velocity. But these missiles have small penetrating power, and the accuracy of judgment of the range and the action of the time-fuse must be very great, in fact, far greater than has been found entirely feasible in actual practice.

Besides this, the troops could guard themselves from the missiles flying backward by throwing up light intrenchments in rear, and they would only be endangered by the few fragments coming from nearly overhead. Troops not engaged but subject to the enemy's fire are less likely to be demoralized if occupied than if idle. The occupation given by the labor of additional intrenching is therefore beneficial.

Field intrenchments will protect from direct fire, but intrenched troops may be reached by vertical fire from mortars and howitzers, and they will be used to an extent not previously known.



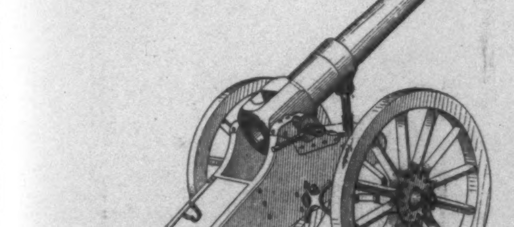
RUSSIAN 5.9-INCH FIELD-MORTAR IN FIRING POSITION, AND ITS LIMBER.

The distinction between howitzers and mortars of the present day is very slight. Formerly the mortar was only 3 or 4 calibres in length, and it was ordinarily fired by a few fixed elevations, varying from 30 to 60 degrees, but usually at 45 degrees. The range was varied not alone by the elevations, but by changing the charge of powder.

Howitzers were from 6 to 8 calibres long. The carriages permitted a change of angle of elevation up to 35 degrees. The range was varied by changing the elevation. There is very little real distinction at the present day between mortars and howitzers, except that the latter are so mounted that only about 35 degrees elevation is possible. In both mortars and howitzers the charge of powder and elevation are varied to modify the ranges obtained.

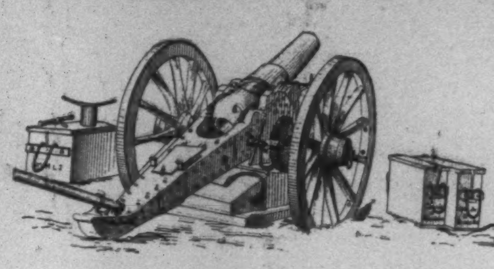
Modern mortars are from 5 to 12 calibres in length of bore. The advance that has been made is shown by comparing with the 15-inch Rodman smooth-bore gun, which has a length of bore of only 11 calibres. Modern guns are made as much as 40 calibres in length, and the tendency is to lengthen them.

For the unprofessional reader it may be well to mention that direct fire is that given at any angle of elevation up to 15 degrees; high-angle fire is that given between 15 degrees and 35 degrees; and vertical fire is that given at any angle above 35 degrees. To meet a condition of warfare where intrenchments played an important part, Coehorn, called the Dutch Vauban, invented the portable field-mortar, since called the Coehorn mortar.



SWISS 4.7-INCH FIELD-MORTAR IN FIRING POSITION AND LIMBERED.

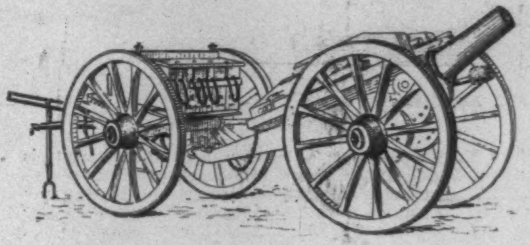
The Coehorn mortar was first brought into use at the siege of Grave in 1674. It was made sufficiently light to be carried short distances by two men. It had not been used much in recent times until during our civil war, and then only toward the last.



SWISS 4.7-INCH FIELD-MORTAR.

The Coehorn mortar used during our war weighed, with its bed, only 165 lbs. The bed had four handles, and the mortar could be easily carried by four men. It could throw a spherical shrapnel or case-shot weighing 24 lbs. a distance of about 1200 yards.

A few were used effectively at the battle of Cold Harbor, and at various times in the trenches before Petersburg. The mortar fire produced demoralizing effects on both sides. Batteries were silenced by mortar fire upon which the direct fire of field-artillery and small-arms produced no tangible impression. Only ten of these appear to have been in use at any one time. They were not in sufficient numbers to make them a considerable factor, but the results obtained by them clearly indicated the value of vertical fire in battle operations.



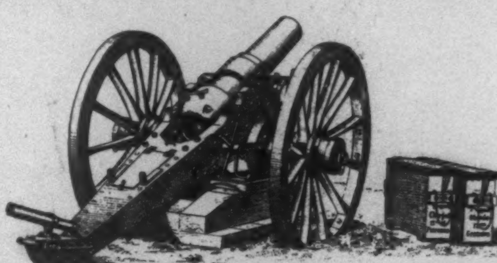
GRUSON'S 5.9-INCH FIELD-HOWITZER—FIRING POSITION.

Impelled by a very general recognition of the advantages of vertical fire, there has been a notable activity in Continental European armies in designing field-mortars and suitable field equipment. In this the Russians have taken the lead. They have adopted a field-mortar of 5.9-inch calibre, throwing a common shell weighing 70 lbs. with its bursting charge of 10 lbs., and a shrapnel of about 70 lbs. containing *six hundred and eighty-three bullets*. The extreme range is 3500 yards. The full charge is 3 lbs. 13 oz. This is subdivided into half and quarter charges, so that four different charges may be used.

The mortar is mounted on and fired from a regular wheeled carriage, the axles being aided to support the downward shock of recoil by two elastic props, which are adjusted to rest on the ground during firing.

The Russians have been impelled to adopt field-mortar batteries by their experiences at Plevna. Here for three days 400 field-guns and 20 siege-guns (the latter of 5.9-inch calibre) fired incessantly at three redoubts without producing any notable impression either against the works or the troops behind them.

On the other hand, in 1864, the fire of a battery of 10 mortars was directed upon a salient battery of the Confederates at Petersburg. After the range was obtained, the Confederate gunners, unable to endure the shower of bursting shell and falling fragments, could not fire in return a single gun.



SWISS 4.7-INCH MORTAR IN ACTION.

The large calibre adopted by the Russians was a result of their Plevna experiences. Here they had to overcome extensive overhead cover in the earth-works. The 5.9-inch shell will not alone penetrate a considerable thickness of earth, but the heavy bursting charge will serve as an effective mine in making large craters. Each mortar is supplied with three ammunition wagons, requiring, with the gun and its limber, 24 horses, and these transport only 84 rounds.

The Swiss have adopted the smaller calibre of 4.7 inches, its shell and shrapnel weighing 39 lbs. 10 oz., bursting charge of shell being only 21 lbs. 2 oz., and the shrapnel having 475 balls. The propelling charge is 2 lbs., divided into halves and thirds, thus making five different charges possible. A range of 5500 yards is attainable.

The mortar is carried on a field-carriage; but before firing, the wheels are sunk in trenches a few inches deep, and a wooden bed is placed under the axles so as to support the downward shock. Ten rounds are carried in the limber and 60 rounds in the ammunition wagon. Twelve horses are required for the mortar and its ammunition wagon.

The Prussian branch of the German artillerists has opposed the introduction of field-mortars, advocating instead the use, with their ordinary field-artillery, of the torpedo shell already mentioned, to avoid the introduction of a special calibre. But the torpedo shell delivered by direct fire will certainly not be as searching in its effects as shell and shrapnel delivered by vertical mortar fire. Both the Saxon and Bavarian contingents of the German army advocate the use of field-mortars, the Saxons having actually equipped a battery of the same.

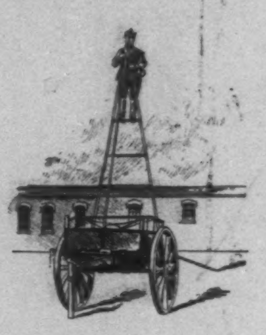
The Krupp establishment has designed and constructed a 5.9-inch field-mortar which carries shell and shrapnel of 88 lbs. The range is about 3900 yards.

The Gruson (Magdeburg) establishment has also designed and constructed a 4.7-inch field-howitzer which is practically a field-mortar. It throws a shell weighing 40 lbs., and has a range of 5600 yards.

The Spanish have adopted a 5.9-inch field-mortar of about the same ballistic qualities as the Russian 5.9-inch mortar; the wheels are removed, and the piece and its bed, including a portable platform, are lowered to the ground when firing.

The Italians are experimenting with a 3.42-inch mortar of the same calibre as their field-guns, but have arrived at no definite conclusions as to adoption.

The Austrians and Swedes are experimenting with a 4.7-inch calibre having similar ballistic qualities to the Swiss field-mortars. The French favor the use of a 5.9-inch field-mortar, whilst the Germans are in doubt as between the two calibres, with the present preponderance of the authorities against all field-mortars.

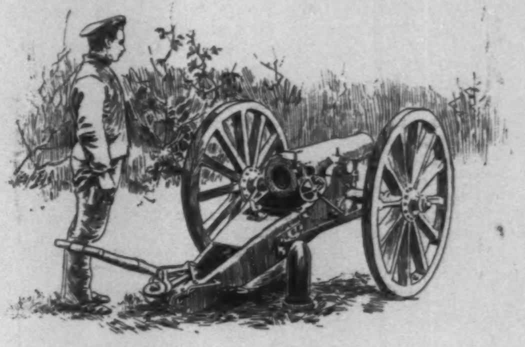


GERMAN FIELD ARTILLERY OBSERVATION LADDER.

The Dutch, sticking more closely to the spirit of the invention of their countryman, the illustrious Coehorn, have adopted for their colonial service a mortar of 2.95-inch calibre, weighing only 110 lbs., the mortar bed weighing probably 60 lbs., and the whole being carried on muleback. The projectile probably weighs about 12 lbs.

The United States have adopted tentatively a 3.6-inch field-mortar weighing with its firing-bed 500 pounds, and throwing a 20-lb. shrapnel two miles. All the details have not been determined upon, but as at present arranged it is necessary to have rope holdfasts to check the recoil, and a level platform in order to fire accurately. Such an arrangement cannot be final if it is really intended to be used in field operations.

The wheels or trunnions of a gun not being on a level tends to throw the shot toward the lower side. The deviation becomes greater as the elevation increases, and the importance of correcting for this is therefore very great with the vertical fire of mortars. But means for automatically correcting this error due to unevenness of ground, have been devised for field guns, and this is as applicable to mortars. In fact, it has been so applied in the case of some Dutch mortars. The recoil can be easily controlled by arrangements of the carriage so that holdfasts will be unnecessary.

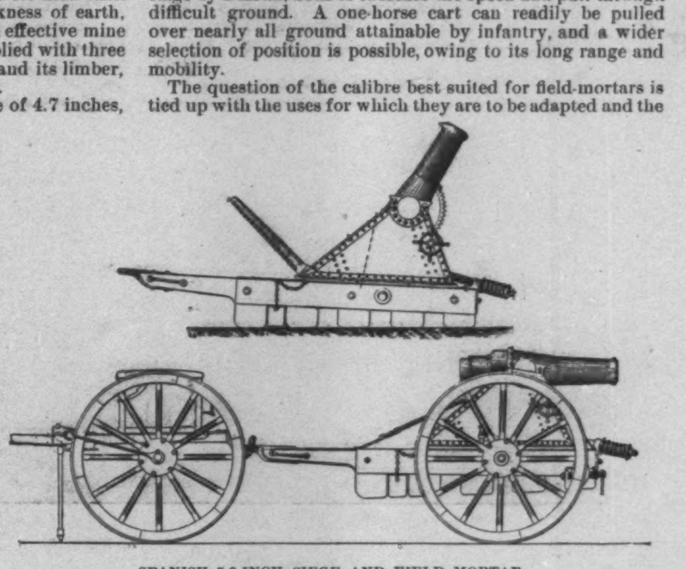


KRUPP MORTAR MOUNTED.

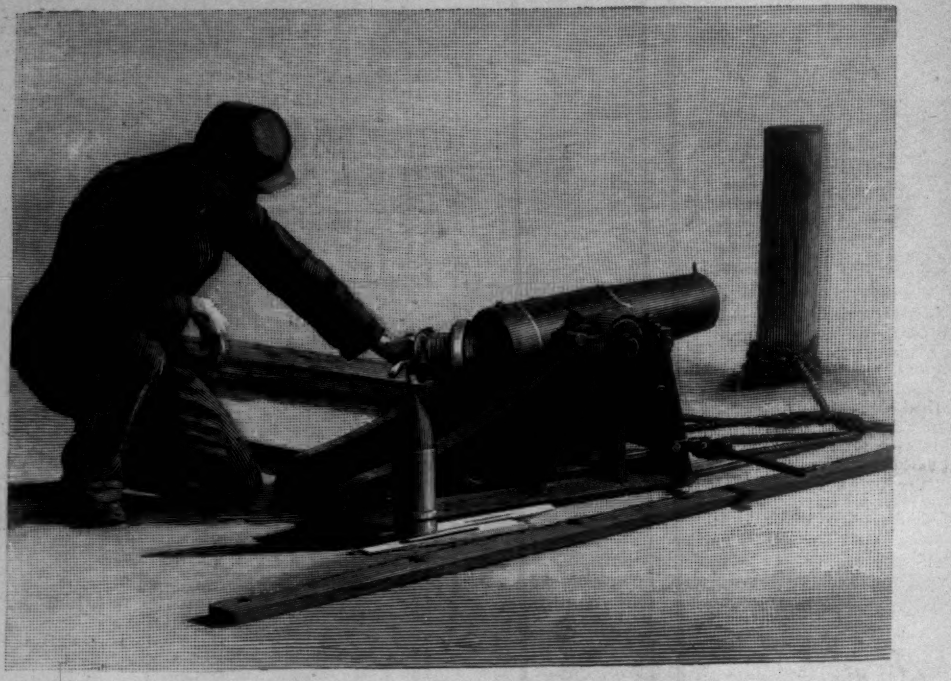
The 3.6-inch mortar of the United States is well adapted for use as a real field-mortar if divorced (as it may surely be) from necessities of a level platform and holdfasts. The weight is so small that it can easily be manipulated by a few men. It can be fired placed directly on the ground, and there is no need of a very heavy carriage for its transportation. A one-horse cart or wagon could easily serve to transport it with 12 rounds of ammunition. Another one-horse cart could transport 40 rounds more. Additional ammunition could be carried in a separate park.

This would not give an excessive burden for one animal, particularly in view of the fact that the movement required will rarely be more rapid than that of infantry. In times of need it can be arranged so that the horse of the sergeant in the command of each mortar could be attached to the carriage by a lariat, both to increase the speed and pull through difficult ground. A one-horse cart can readily be pulled over nearly all ground attainable by infantry, and a wider selection of position is possible, owing to its long range and mobility.

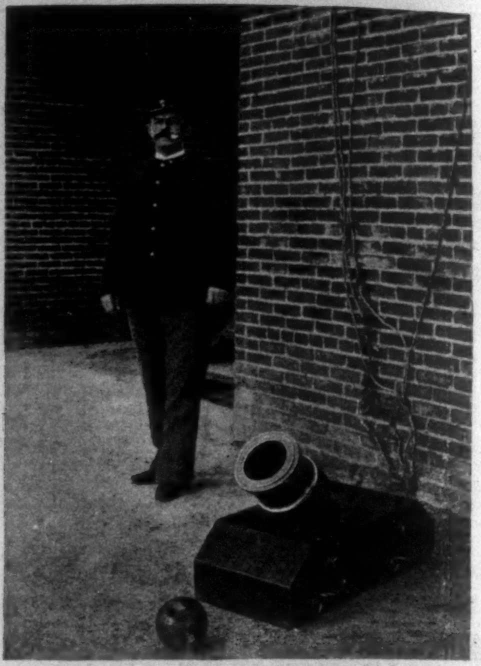
The question of the calibre best suited for field-mortars is tied up with the uses for which they are to be adapted and the



SPANISH 5.9-INCH SIEGE AND FIELD MORTAR.



UNITED STATES 3.6-INCH MORTAR.



UNITED STATES 24-POUNDER BRASS COEHORN MORTAR.
Extreme Range 1200 Yards.

manner of using. If their function is to break down overhead protection, they more properly belong to the siege train. For no considerable body of troops can improvise an effective overhead cover on the field of battle. If the object is to reach troops within hastily constructed earth-works, it would appear that a small calibre would suffice. Those who have had experience with field-artillery, particularly in such bad roads as abound in our country, will recognize the importance of lightness and mobility. It is easier to "hustle" along over difficult roads and situations four distinct equipages weighing each 1100 lbs. than to extricate and move along a single one weighing 4200 lbs. The four smaller equipages may only be as effective in man-killing power as the single large one, but some sacrifice in carrying a greater amount of weight may be made for the great increase of mobility.

The Russian 5.9-inch field-mortar, throwing a 70-lb. projectile, weighs, with its carriage limber and 840 lbs. of projectiles, 4200 lbs., and requires six horses. Four 3.6-inch mortars, with carriages carrying 960 lbs. of projectiles, and the ability to throw 80 lbs. at a single discharge, require only four horses.

The weights of the various foreign field-mortars, with their carriages and limbers packed, range from 4290 lbs. of the Russian to 5555 of the Spanish.

It is true that the single animal will have a somewhat larger load to pull than each of the six horses, but it will not be called upon ordinarily for rapid movements, and in difficult situations the cannoneers and the mounted chief of piece can render necessary assistance.

The direct destruction of earthen field intrenchments is wellnigh impracticable, and demands an expenditure of ammunition that makes it prohibitory to attempt it, either by direct or vertical fire. The sole purpose of the field-mortar fire should be man-disabling. A small-calibre mortar will serve this purpose. To get the maximum economy and effectiveness, the largest calibre consistent with mobility is desirable. The 3.6-inch mortar commends itself for these reasons, and because, being of the same calibre as our heaviest field-guns, its selection will obviate the necessity of providing an additional calibre of projectiles.

Baron van Coehorn was led to adopt the field-mortar by the consideration that the combined effect of a certain mass of projectiles is much greater than the effect produced by successive discharges of the separate projectiles composing the mass. This appears to be perfectly sound when considering particularly the moral effect. An army corps may lose 50 per cent. of its effective strength in the course of a day's battle without being demoralized, but if it loses 25 per cent. in the course of only a few minutes, the corps is likely to be demoralized and panic-stricken. Success in military operations is usually given to the side bringing an overwhelming power at the point of impact. The powerful action of a concentrated artillery fire from a large number of guns has been repeatedly shown in modern wars.

Consideration of these points leads to the suggestion of the advisability of forming a corps of, say, 500 light, mobile field-mortars of the 3.6-inch type. These could be held as an arm of reserve, to be used as a body at critical times of a battle. They would form a most effective "sledge-hammer" in the hands of a commanding general. With it he could deliver irresistible blows, and render any position untenable by its *feu d'enfer*. With its vertical fire it could also keep down the fire of the defence during a considerable time whilst troops are advancing to the assault.

Not alone would this mass of mortars be useful for offensive operations, but they might be effectively used at times in the defence.

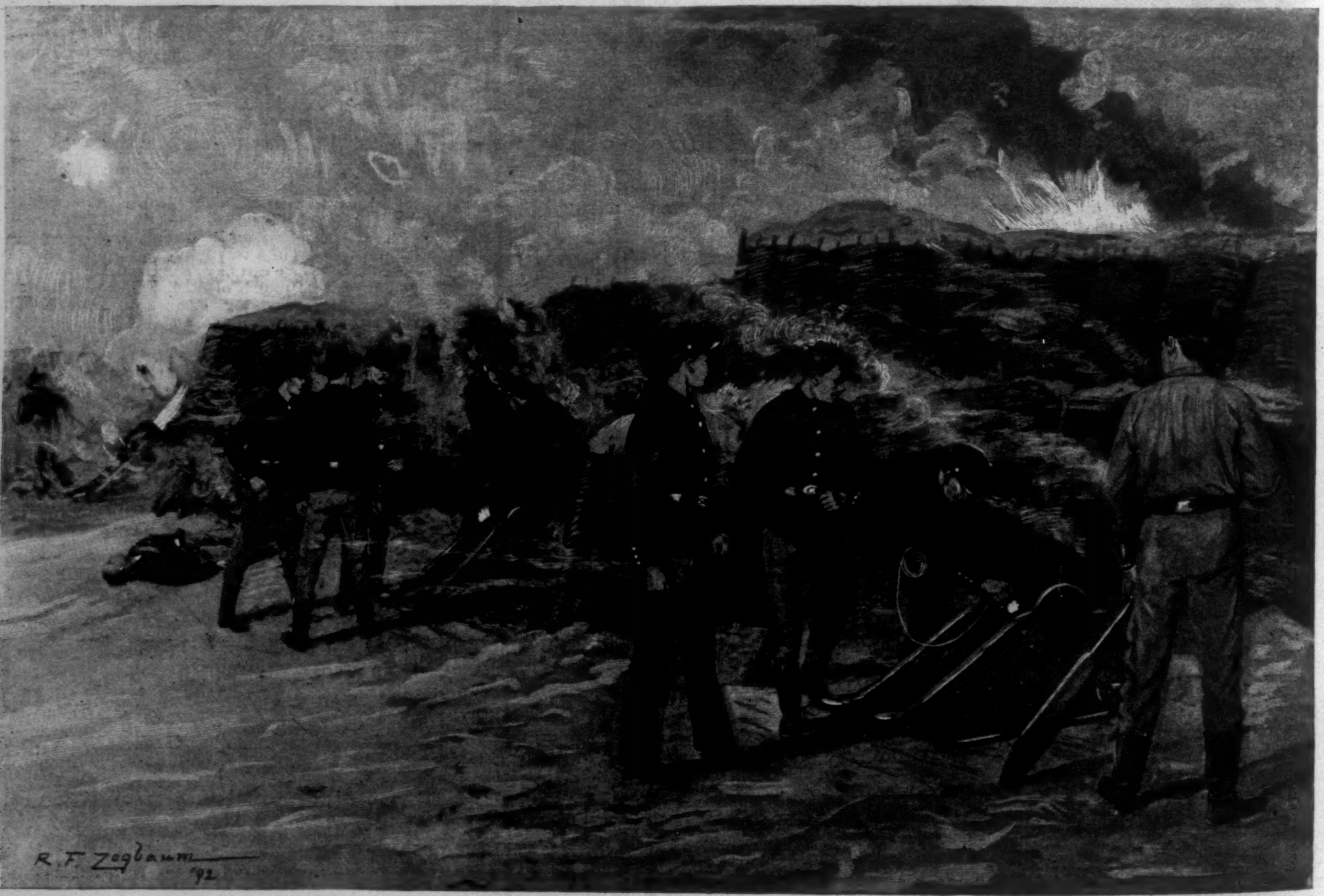
For either the attack or defence, the mass of 500 mortars could be concentrated on a front and space unattainable by ordinary field-artillery.

It is true that to concentrate so many pieces would involve the solution of some difficult but not unsolvable problems, particularly in the cases where the target is invisible. The captive balloon would undoubtedly be brought into use in some cases, and light portable towers in others. An arrangement similar to some of the fire-escape ladders might be used.

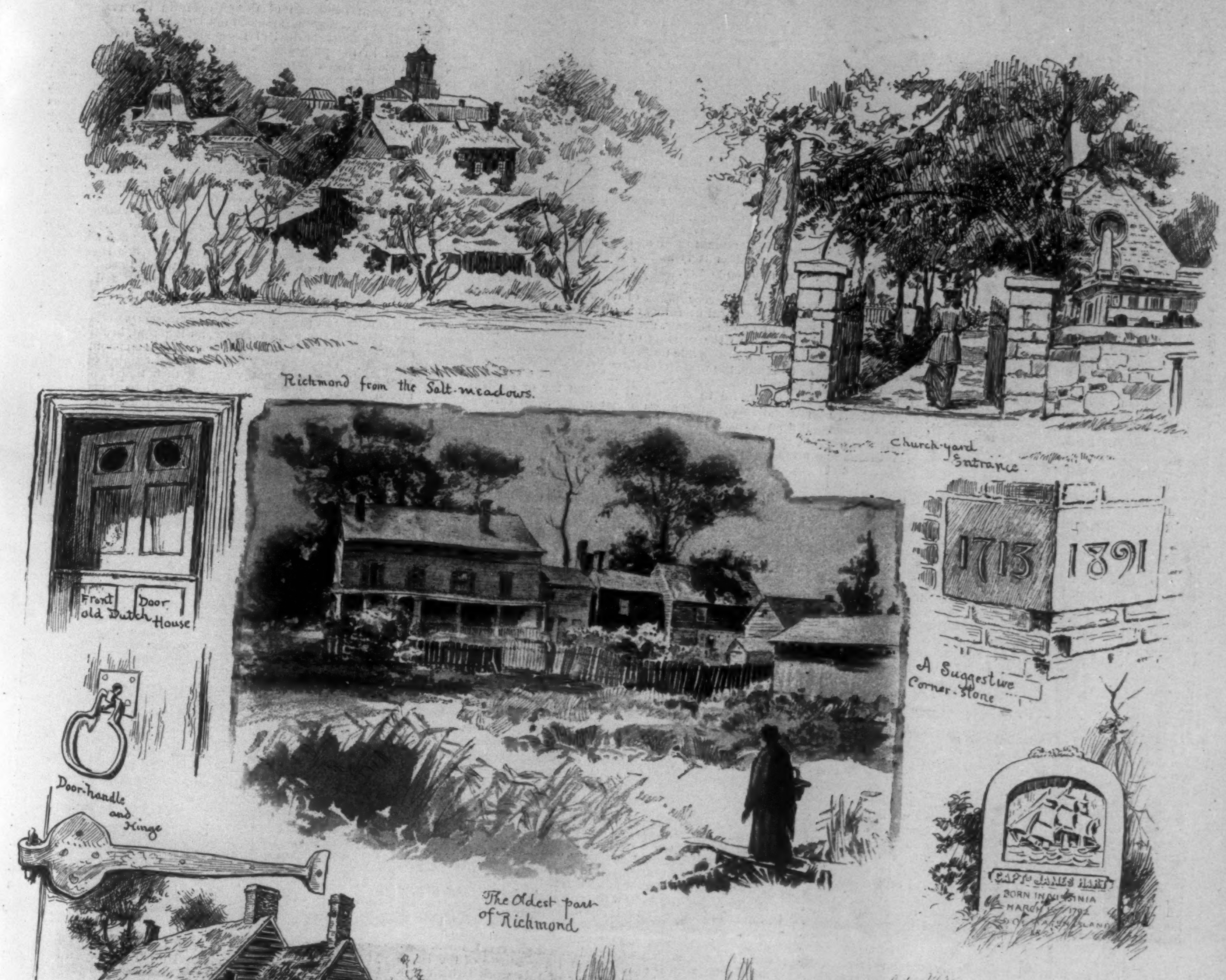
An accompanying sketch shows a method used for observation of artillery fire in the German army. A steel tripod or ladder made of steel tubes, weighing only 66 lbs., gives the observer an additional height of about 12 feet.

Five hundred field-guns of 3.6-inch calibre would demand a *personnel* of 10,000 officers and men, and fully 10,000 animals. The proposed corps of 500 mortars would require a *personnel* of 4000 officers and men, and 2100 horses or mules. An additional force of 200 men and 1000 animals would serve for an additional supply of ammunition. In no other way could such tremendous possibilities be attained with so small a number of horses and men.

E. L. ZALINSKI,
Captain Fifth U. S. Artillery.



A MORTAR BATTERY IN ACTION.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.


Richmond from the Salt-meadows.

Church-yard Entrance

Front Door old Dutch House

A Suggestive Corner-stone

Door-handle and Hinge

The Oldest part of Richmond

Old House near the Fort.

British Fort on the Hill.

1713
1891
CAPT^N JAMES HART
BORN IN VIRGINIA
MARCH 1792
ISLAND
A R

RICHMOND, STATEN ISLAND.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 1254.]

Music and Drama

The New York stage has during the past week presented two curious and instructive examples of modern realistic methods of dramatic art. At the Union Square Theatre, Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*, in its way a powerful and striking play, and quite as much of a sermon and moral lesson as is often given from the pulpit, furnishes a good illustration of the somewhat morbid, hypersensitive, introspective, and psychological methods of the modern French school of realism; while Mr. Barrie's strikingly successful comedy, *The Professor's Love-Story*, at the Star Theatre, gives an illustration of methods quite as realistic, quite as subtle, in another way, and one would venture to think of far greater worth and value, both from an artistic and popular stand-point. The ways of managers are indeed mysterious. The fact that Mr. Willard has waited until the last week of his season to produce a play whose original humor, interest, and charm might well secure for it an indefinite run in this city, recalls to mind the fact that *Jim the Penman*, the greatest social drama written of late years, was hawked about to all the English managers and many American ones, before one could be found to realize its extraordinary merit, and give it a production. In this play of his, Mr. Barrie has almost accomplished the impossible in giving the dramatic world a new sensation. In analyzing the play from a dramatic stand-point, one feels instantly that the plot or story in and of itself is over-slight and simple for a three-act play; and that in many instances more or less irrelevant incidents are used to help along the story, which, also, in true literary style, is told in dialogue rather than in action. And yet, in spite of this, the characterization is so truthfully vivid, the humor so genial, the dialogue so crisp and telling, and the situations and incidents in and of themselves so original and diversified, that the impression produced by the whole play from first to last is one of pleasure so decided as to leave one in no humor to criticise, but only to accept the dramatic feast provided with unquestioning satisfaction and enjoyment. The play illustrates *fin de siècle* methods, in that it is absolutely natural and true to life, and the author is certainly more artistic than is M. Zola in selecting for illustration those phases of human nature which attract rather than repel, which embody perhaps human nature as we would wish to see it, rather than human nature as it always is.

The opportunity of spending time among such whimsical, humorous, and original characters as those drawn by Mr. Barrie is not often afforded one, and is therefore all the more eagerly grasped. Who would not enjoy meeting or associating with the quaint personalities of Mr. Barrie's play if bent on amusement or recreation? There is no dramatic climax to the piece; to be true to nature none is necessary, for life itself is not made up of the situations which are chosen by dramatists to bring down the curtain at the end of an act. There is just the necessary amount of pathos in the play to make the humor of it stand out in the boldest relief, and here again the play is a truthful reproduction of life, for are not our sighs and smiles mingled ever, and is not laughter most akin to tears? Too much can hardly be said in praise of the way the piece is acted by all concerned. Mr. Willard's impersonation of the young-old Professor is so inherently natural, truthful, humorous, and complete as to be absolutely fascinating; while as his Secretary, Miss Marie Burroughs exhibited dramatic capacity and a genuine spirit of comedy which places her in the front rank of American actresses. There are several situations in the piece which are almost startling in their originality, and the dialogue is full of unexpected turns, quips, and quaint conceits. What could be more delightfully humorous than the Professor's remark when told by his physician that he is in love, "Tell me who the woman is," or the shadowy pantomime love scene of the last act, or the naïve rusticity and shrewdness of the bucolic loves of the two farm hands for the Professor's housekeeper? Mr. Barrie may not be an experienced playwright; possibly, as has been said, this is shown in the *Professor's Love-Story*. For all this, however, the play is one which it would be well for modern dramatists to study, on account of the simplicity of method, the truthfulness of characterization, the healthfulness of tone, the originality of situation and incident, and the genial and kindly though pointed wit which can combine to produce such a refreshing effect of absolute pleasure and delight. It is much to be regretted that the play cannot, as it might, remain in this city to be a joy to the public and a lesson in dramatic art for months to come.

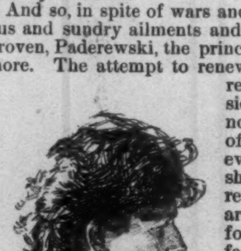
Mr. Daly's second revival of Shakespeare's delightful comedy of *As You Like It*, as the second production of his old comedy series, renewed and emphasized all the pleasurable sensations of the first revival. We have in this production all aids and adjuncts possible to dramatic art working together to form a thoroughly complete and enjoyably artistic whole. The various excellences of this production are too familiar to New York theatre-goers to necessitate an elaborate disquisition being written on them at this time; and the artistic effort which produces so artistic a result is so evident on the part of all concerned, and so satisfactory, that criticism of any specified detail seems almost unnecessary. Should Miss Rehan elect to be known to fame and posterity by any one of her numerous successful impersonations, one would think that Rosalind would be the one that she would choose. This one alone would be sufficient to establish her reputation as a great actress. Her presence on the stage throughout the piece is like a bit of sunshine, or like a spring breath of the forest in which the scene is cast. Her art is of that high order which conceals art, and which is admirable alike in conception and in execution, as well as in refinement, humor, and pictorial qualities. The whole production was instinct with a fresh, ingenuous, breezy, open-air sort of heartiness and spirit, which was both refreshing and delightful. The novelty of the revival was the appearance of Mr. Arthur Bourchier as Orlando. A certain stiffness in demeanor, and a certain monotony in delivery, noticeable in Mr. Bourchier's impersonation, were, on the whole, atoned for by his evident sincerity and manliness; while his comedy work, especially during the latter portion of the play, was easy, natural, and worthy of decided commendation. The third production of the series will be a double bill, consisting of *The Knave*, and a condensed edition of *The Belle's Stratagem*, in both of which Miss Rehan will appear.

A boy with a wonderful voice has recently been making quite a stir in musical circles in New York. Boy sopranos possessing voices of more or less beauty are common enough, but as regards this particular boy, Cyril Tyler by name, the case is unusual in several respects. Here the boy is more wonderful than the voice, and the voice differs strikingly from the usual run of boys' voices. It is a composite voice, sharply divided into two registers, of which the lower has something the quality of the ordinary boy alto; but the upper has neither the quality of the boy soprano voice nor yet that of the woman soprano, but a something betwixt and between the two which it is exceeding difficult to define and exceedingly pleasant to hear. We often speak of voices as being "fluty," but this boy's voice really at times resembles the tones of an instrument of the wood-wind family rather than those of the human voice. Master Tyler's musical intelligence is exceedingly marked, as he not only uses his voice with technical skill and discretion, but his phrasing, sentiment, and delivery of the text of his songs show also an artistic understanding of and sympathy with a composer's meaning, which it is almost impossible to believe should exist in one so young.

Generally speaking, musical prodigies and infant phenomena are from every point of view a mistake, as a whole career of musical usefulness is often thus sacrificed to a few years of exotic success, generally of more profit to everybody than to the prodigy or phenomenon himself. There are of course cases like those of little Hegner, the boy pianist, or Gherady, the wonderful little 'cellist, where one is almost tempted to believe in the transmigration of souls, being at a loss otherwise to adequately account for or explain such musical intelligence and understanding at so early an age. But such cases, like that of Mozart, often quoted in support of the infant-phenomenon theory, are exceedingly rare; and a musical prodigy is too often the result of a forced and premature development, injurious alike to the subject's health and talents. The case is somewhat different in respect to the boy voice; here we have an organ which in its perfection is second to none in musical beauty, and capable of producing an artistic and emotional impression not to be obtained in any other way. The vast amount of church music written by the long line of English composers, prominent in this class of writing, was originally intended to be sung, as it always is in England, by boys' voices, and loses much of its peculiar devotional characteristics when sung by female voices. There is a peculiar cold passionless beauty about the boy soprano voice which is *sui generis*, and is entirely admirable and peculiar in its emotional effects.

As it is evidently and naturally impossible that such a voice can be continued beyond the age of childhood, except in most rare instances, it would be unfair to class a boy soprano with other musical prodigies, for, as a rule, to those boys who possess the voice are also given the instinct and musical inclinations and aptitudes to use it with effect. One can hardly believe that a natural gift of this kind can be hurtful to the boy, if properly and not intemperately employed. One can therefore listen to a voice of this kind, and enjoy the pleasure which the hearing of it undoubtedly affords, without any misgiving, or uneasy consciousness that any hurtful effect is induced by a gift which more nearly, perhaps, reproduces our ideas of the music of the spheres than any other musical sound with which we are at present acquainted. One cannot, however, refrain from thinking and expressing the opinion that operatic or dramatic arias are altogether unsuited to the innate characteristics of such a voice, which is best employed in the interpretation of music of a devotional or pastoral character.

It was refreshing indeed to hear at the last concert of the Philharmonic Society an important musical work by one of the younger composers of the modern German school which was not all blare and bluster, and which possessed coherent musical thought skilfully and intelligibly set forth. M. Paul Gilson, who is a Belgian, and a graduate of the Brussels Conservatory, is the author of this work (which is a symphonic suite built after the Liszt model), from whom, if this composition may be taken as an indication, much good work may be looked for in the future. In his suite M. Gilson conclusively proves that it is not necessary, as some of the modern German composers would apparently have one think, to entirely discard any coherent musical thought in order to apotheosize the orchestra; for the musical thought throughout is essentially musical, and all the orchestral richness and variety with which it is set forth serve only to emphasize and not to obscure it. Compared to that orchestral monstrosity inspired by the same subject, the sea, by Nikodé, which was played at a Philharmonic concert last season, M. Gilson's work marks the whole distance which separates the true from the false, the meretricious from the admirable, and real power from charlatanism in art, and as such contains a lesson which modern musical realists and impressionists would do well to study carefully and lay to heart.



And so, in spite of wars and rumors of wars, and of various and sundry ailments and disabilities, now happily disproven, Paderewski, the prince of pianists, is with us once more. The attempt to renew previous conditions, and so reduplicate previous impressions, is sometimes fraught with no little danger to one's peace of mind. In this instance, however, no anxiety of this kind should oppress us. M. Paderewski is by far too great an artist to have to depend upon fortuitous conditions of public favor or sentiment for his success, and the unabated enthusiasm which he continues to excite in his audiences wherever he appears may be cited in proof of this statement. In some respects M. Paderewski's visit this year may be even more enjoyable than his previous one. There need now be no difference of critical opinion as to his capabilities as an artist; and that having been safely settled and put aside, one can sit calmly and enjoy in peace and quiet, with the consciousness that the whole artistic world is at our back, ready to indorse and approve our commendation and admiration. There would seem to exist some curious and hitherto unexplained connection and affinity between art and the hair. Whether successful practice of any art promotes a vigorous capillary growth is a matter which must be left for scientists or dermatologists to decide. The report is current to the effect that M. Paderewski has had his hair cut, and it is sincerely to be hoped that he will not return to us, Samson-like, shorn of any of his artistic strength owing to the curtailment of his locks.

Although a recent interview with Mr. Abbey effectually disposed of any lingering hope of any regular operatic season in New York this winter, signs are not wanting that the present condition of things operatic is merely, so to speak, an interregnum, and will not be permanent. Perhaps one of the most marked of these signs is the tendency exhibited in the programmes of the Sunday concerts, which are evidently and purposely arranged so as to, in a measure, supply the popular demand for operatic music. Both Messrs. Seidl and Damrosch are constantly, through these concerts, in touch with popular feeling, and would not, as they do, devote fully half of each programme every Sunday to well-rendered selections from various operas were they not conscious of a popular desire for such selections, and convinced that such music was acceptable to their audiences. It must not be forgotten, too, that these audiences are eminently representative musical audiences, in a popular way. It is certain evidence of the growth of liberal and metropolitan feeling that these popular concerts, with programmes which are composed of operatic music, continue to be popularly attractive, and to be well supported by a large and representative class of people. A very few years ago such entertainments given on Sunday evenings would have been considered subversive of proper religious feeling, and inimical to public morality. It is, perhaps, curious, and certainly fortunate, that such a question in regard to these concerts has hardly been raised. The public has accepted them without question for what they are, an innocent, healthful, and cultivating form of entertainment and recreation, without question. They certainly attract a great number of people, who might otherwise easily employ their time to much less advantage, and therefore as certainly tend to general cultivation and enlightenment. REGINALD DE KOVEN.

PERSONAL.

WILLIAM S. HOLMAN, whose mission in life is to reduce Congressional appropriations to the lowest possible limit, and who has gained a national reputation thereby, was seventy years old last September, but he works away in Washington as if he were under fifty. He scorns the labor-saving devices of stenography and type-writing as trappings of luxury unfit for a man of democratic principles, and laboriously copies out with his own hand, in pencil, all the vast amount of writing he has to do. He takes almost no recreation, and is busy from breakfast to bedtime six days in the week. It is nearly fifty years since Mr. HOLMAN entered public life as a probate judge in Indiana, and he has been in Congress for more than a third of a century.

—Mr. AUSTIN CORBIN's game preserve at Newport, New Hampshire, has proved to be a successful investment, and the wild animals in restraint there have multiplied beyond expectation. They now number more than 700, and range in variety from Flemish rabbits to Rocky Mountain elk. These latter animals have thrived very remarkably in captivity, but the greatest increase has been among the buffalo, the original small herd having grown into five herds. Eleven calves were born during the year just closed, and all are thriving. The wild boars imported from the Black Forest of Germany have been equally prolific, and have become elephants, as it were, on the game-keeper's hands because of their tendency to destroy the young of the other animals.

—WILL CARLETON surprised the people of Kansas City by going about the streets during a recent "cold snap" there without an overcoat, and asserting that he felt comfortable. The poet, who looks quite unlike one, is forty-seven years old now, and there are noticeable traces of gray in his hair. He has an athletic figure, and wears a business suit, with a silk hat, and there is a diamond pin in his tie. Mr. CARLETON's reputation as a writer of "poems of the home," as he calls his "Ballads," was established fifteen years or more ago, and it is still sufficient to keep up an active demand for his books. He is nowadays a free lance in literature, producing stories, sketches, and plays as well as poems. He receives royalties at present from six published volumes. At the WHITTIER Memorial exercises held last week he read a poem which he had written for the occasion.

—JULIA WARD HOWE began the study of ancient Greek in her old age, but probably with no greater interest than that with which Queen VICTORIA took up Hindustani at seventy. That was three years ago, and her Majesty is still bending her energies to acquire a perfect command of the language of her Oriental subjects. She has added a staff of Hindoo servants to her household, to whom she gives orders in Hindustani, and whenever a rajah from her far Eastern dominions visits her palace, as in the case of the Gaikwar of Baroda, she converses with him in his native tongue.

—An old resident of Indianapolis who was well acquainted with the elder BOOTH says that when that great actor lived near Baltimore, the little farm in the suburbs on which he raised garden-truck was a source of much greater interest to him than the theatre in the city. The products of his farm he would himself take to town to sell, and "many is the time," says the aged Indiana man, "I have seen Mr. BOOTH standing in the market-place in Baltimore as eager to sell a quart of berries as any of his neighbors, though perhaps that night he would make thousands of dollars at the theatre where he was billed to appear. He would hang around the market until it was time to go to dress for his part, and then he would leave his wagon in somebody's charge, returning when the performance was over, perhaps to find it, perhaps not."

—The pathway to literary success is not always smooth. The greater part of the first edition of IBSEN's maiden effort in literature, his tragedy of *Catiline*, was sold for a trifle to a grocer to use for wrapping paper; and even when the dramatist was well started on his career his chief source of support was the stipend of $225 a year he received as "theatrical poet" at Bergen. IBSEN showed great talent as a school-boy—so much, in fact, that his master, supposing him guilty of plagiarism because of the maturity of thought exhibited in his school-room compositions, attempted to chastise him.

—RENAN left so small a private fortune that his widow is forced to sell his library, and will dispose of it at the beginning of next year, while waiting for parliament to provide her with a pension. RENAN's life-long friend, M. BERTHELOT, says that the philosopher left the world almost as poor as on the day he quitted St. Sulpice to begin the struggle of life. In our land of well-paid college professors it will be of interest to learn that RENAN's salary as a professor in the Collége de France was only $2000 a year, five per cent. of which was deducted for a pension. Yet there was no other theological lecturer in the French republic who attracted so many listeners to his class-room, or gave his college so wide a reputation abroad.

THE COLONEL'S CALL.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

"WALK right in, Colonel. I am very glad to see you."

"Suppose you close the door, Pendle. I want to speak with you privately."

Pendle stepped briskly to the door and closed it. His few steps showed a swift physical movement altogether at variance with the serene composure of his countenance. If asked to compare him with any other member of the animal kingdom, you would have at once suggested the panther; but a moment afterward you would have said, "the panther—and something more." His face was smooth, firm, immobile; but there was a nervousness in the eyes that seemed to be trying to see things out of the corners, and added to a certain air of expectancy that the panther has, there was a certain ambitiousness with it all that the panther hasn't. You wouldn't have trusted him very far, and you wouldn't have liked him very much; but you would have had more respect for his personality than to have classed him with the usual mediocrities who are in practical politics.

The other man was older and altogether different. He walked with the aid of a cane, and his solid manly shoulders and erect head looked military. He was tall, handsome, and grave, and his face was of the square honest kind, with eyes that seemed to reflect a rugged old soul that had known the world without having been soiled by any of its meanness. His voice fitted his appearance. It was a conclusive voice, and it sent its words straight to its mark.

There was nothing in the office to distinguish it, except, perhaps, a certain feeling that the furniture was standing around in a way that made it appear that it was not altogether at home. There was a large desk, and behind this Pendle sat after his visitor had found a seat in the leather-covered office chair.

"I am at your service," said the politician.

"I came to see you in reference to the election in our ward," said the older man. "Entirely against my wishes and commands, my boy"—the boy was thirty-five—"has accepted the nomination on the reform ticket. He did it from conscientious consideration of what he conceived to be his duty as a citizen, and I honor him for his scruples and regret his judgment. But, as he has taken the step, I want to see him succeed, and I have therefore come to see you on my own responsibility."

A suggestion of a smile ran around Pendle's mouth as he said, "I would like to aid you, Colonel, but you know I am on the other side of the fence."

The Colonel apparently did not notice the interruption, and went on. "You have placed against him on your ticket a man without any character whatever, one of these little scoundrels who rent out their souls for a few years of cheap notoriety—a person whose vote belongs to you, and who is, therefore, of importance to you personally."

With all his coolness, Pendle flushed. He was about to speak, but the Colonel continued:

"There are enough respectable votes in that ward to elect my son—enough will be cast to elect him—and the only way to defeat him is in the manner which you understand better than I can tell you. Now my visit here is to inform you that if you attempt any business of this sort, I shall be put to the trouble of demanding a settlement."

Pendle took up a paper-knife and tapped it a moment in his open hand. Then he spoke, his flush having given way to paleness. "Colonel Hall," he said, "passing over the indelicacy of your action in coming to this office and speaking as you have done, I wish you to know that this is a party matter, and not a personal matter. McGurke was regularly nominated by the party, and he will be supported by the resources of the party organization. The fact that I am at the head of that party organization, regularly placed there, I do not consider a dishonor, and I certainly shall not be recreant to the trust that has been confided in me."

"I did not come here to discuss evasions or organizations or glittering generalities; I came to talk to *you*." And the Colonel raised his finger, and slowly pointed it at Pendle as he emphasized the word. "I know you, perhaps, better than you know yourself. You have succeeded wonderfully well in this city, because you have ability—very great ability." Pendle bowed slightly, and the Colonel resumed: "Yes, very great ability, as a shrewd, exhaustless, persistent manipulator. I admire it in you, because it's your sole stock in trade."

"Colonel Hall," began Pendle.

"Sit still, Pendle, and let me do the talking. You will perhaps recall a few incidents from the past. If your memory is good, you will recollect that you hung around my command for awhile, and that your victories were confined exclusively to the commissary department. You were a coward then, and you are a coward now, and the only reason that you and your gang boss and rob this town as you do is that the people are bigger cowards than you are. Some day they will wake up to their duty, and will wonder why they stood you so long; but in the mean while you are piling up wealth that does not belong to you, and are getting the impression that you are invincible."

"Colonel Hall, I wish you to understand that I will not be insulted in my own office!" exclaimed the cool man, losing his coolness.

"It's not insult, Pendle; it's truth. For five hard years I did some fighting to help save the institutions which you are disgracing, and I have the right to speak my mind. I am not the sort of person to go into politics and make speeches and get cheated out of my rights, because I despise its tricks and its lies and its lowness. I prefer to deal with you direct, and that is why I came. You will, therefore, understand that if you send any of your gang of repeaters or bribers or scoundrels up in our ward to count in McGurke, you will be obliged to answer to me personally; and, old as I am, I will give you a thrashing that will make up not only for the present, but also for some of those derelictions of the sixties. That is all, Pendle, and I will say good-morning."

Pendle tapped the bell. The messenger came from the next room. "Go find Roster, and tell him to come here."

Within twenty minutes Roster appeared.

"Sit down," said Pendle. "I have been looking over the city again, and I have decided to let Andy McGurke take care of himself. Save your crowd for the next ward to help Stine."

"But say," interrupted Roster, "if we don't give McGurke a boost he won't be in it."

"McGurke must look out for himself," said the boss, decisively. "We've done enough for him already, and if he kicks we'll see that the saloons he owns don't get licenses. But look here, Roster, keep all this mum until McGurke pays his assessment."

"All right," replied the heeler, meekly; "but it's —— tough on Andy."

When he went out Pendle took a walk around the room. Finally he paused at a window, and as he looked out on the perfect October day he said, with something of a smile,

"I am very much afraid that if there were more Colonel Halls in this town, there would be a great deal less of Pendle."

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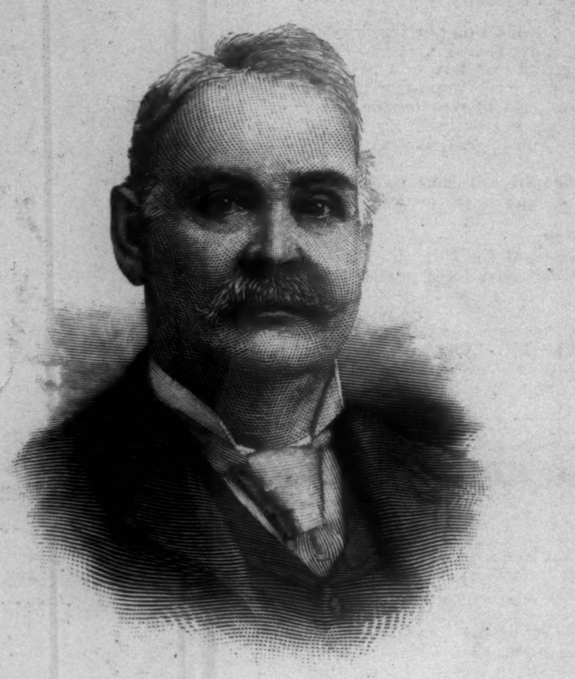
Summer and calms and rest from never a labor done?
Nay, blow ye life-winds all; curb not for me your blast;
Strain ye my quivering ropes; bend ye my trembling mast.
Then there can be no drifting, thank God! for boat or me—
Strenuous, swift our course over a living sea.
Mine is a man's right arm to steer through fog and foam;
Beacons are shining still to guide each farer home.
Give me your worst, oh, winds; others have met the stress;
E'en if it be to sink, give me no less, no less.

M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jun.

EDWARD MURPHY, JUN.

Senator Frank Hiscock's term as United States Senator from New York will expire on the 4th of next March, and he will be succeeded by a Democrat. It appears to be entirely certain that Mr. Edward Murphy, Jun., of Troy, will be chosen to succeed Mr. Hiscock, and then New York will have two Democratic Senators for the first time since before the war. Mr. Murphy is a native of Rensselaer County, and has lived there during all the fifty-four years of his life. He is a brewer in Troy, and has amassed a large fortune, which is said to be invested in breweries, railroads, and real estate. His business ability has never been questioned, and his personal integrity is held in high regard by those who know him best. He has been a Democrat during the whole of his manhood, and since the campaign Governor Tilden made in 1876 for the Presidency, Mr. Murphy has been prominent in New York State politics.

As a politician, he was a discovery of Governor Tilden, for whom he managed the caucuses in Rensselaer County so skilfully that a Tilden delegate was sent to St. Louis, though the politicians in command of the Democratic machine in the county were opposed to Tilden's nomination. Mr. Murphy was then Mayor of Troy, as he has been several times since. He was offered a place on the State Committee, but declined on account of the official post that he held. Though not a member of the committee, he was very active in the campaign, and worked just as hard as though he were a committeeman. Since then he has been high in the councils of the Democratic party of the State, and has usually been on the State Committee. For some years past he has been chairman of the committee, and he acted as such during the last campaign.



EDWARD MURPHY, JUN.

When Mr. Cleveland was nominated for Governor, Mr. Murphy was offered the nomination for Lieutenant-Governor, but declined, as the Speakership of the State Senate had no charms for him. It is interesting to contemplate how different would have been the present political status of several persons in high office if Mr. Murphy had accepted, instead of declined, this nomination. He would have been raised to the Governorship when Mr. Cleveland went to Washington, and it may be that he would now be the junior member of the Senate from New York instead of a candidate for the office. But where would Mr. Hill have been? It may be that he would be still in Elmira looking for casual clients. Mr. Murphy was again urged to take the nomination for Comptroller, but refused. His ambition, his friends say, has always been to have a seat in the United States Senate.

Since there has been a Tammany-Hill faction in New York State politics, Mr. Murphy has been a leader of that faction, and has represented his part of the State in shaping the policy of the faction. He was prominent in carrying out Mr. Hill's scheme to have a February convention of the Democrats of New York, and send to the Chicago Convention a delegation in favor of Hill and unalterably opposed to Cleveland. He succeeded in this, and was the chairman of the delegation that went to Chicago. He believed with Hill, or pretended to believe with him, that for months before the convention Hill was getting the votes, while Cleveland was listening to the delusive music of brass bands. When he got to Chicago he found how mistaken he had been, and he was one of the angriest men ever seen at a convention. He wrote a proclamation that was signed by him and all the members of the delegation, declaring the solemn belief that if Mr. Cleveland were nominated he could not possibly carry the State of New York. This proclamation contained a concealed threat that the regular Democratic organization in New York would not support Mr. Cleveland if he were selected as the party's candidate. It is recent history how little attention the Democrats of the country paid to this protest, which may be fairly called the greatest political effort of Mr. Murphy's life.

When the nomination was made, Mr. Murphy after a while acquiesced in it, and as the chairman of the State Committee he did loyal work for the ticket. Mr. Cleveland concedes the good service that Mr. Murphy rendered in the campaign, but no one has heard the President-elect say that he thought Mr. Murphy's services had earned the reward of a seat in the United States Senate. Mr. Murphy is personally popular in his own town, and, indeed, in the whole State, and those who know him like him without regard to party. But the conservative members of the Democratic party in New York do not think that Mr. Murphy has had the training, the experience, the capacity, or, indeed, any of the qualifications to make him fit to represent the Empire State in the most dignified and able legislative body in the world. New York has in the past been represented in the Senate by some very large and some very small men, but probably when Edward Murphy, Jun., presents his credentials and is sworn into office extreme low-water mark will have been reached.

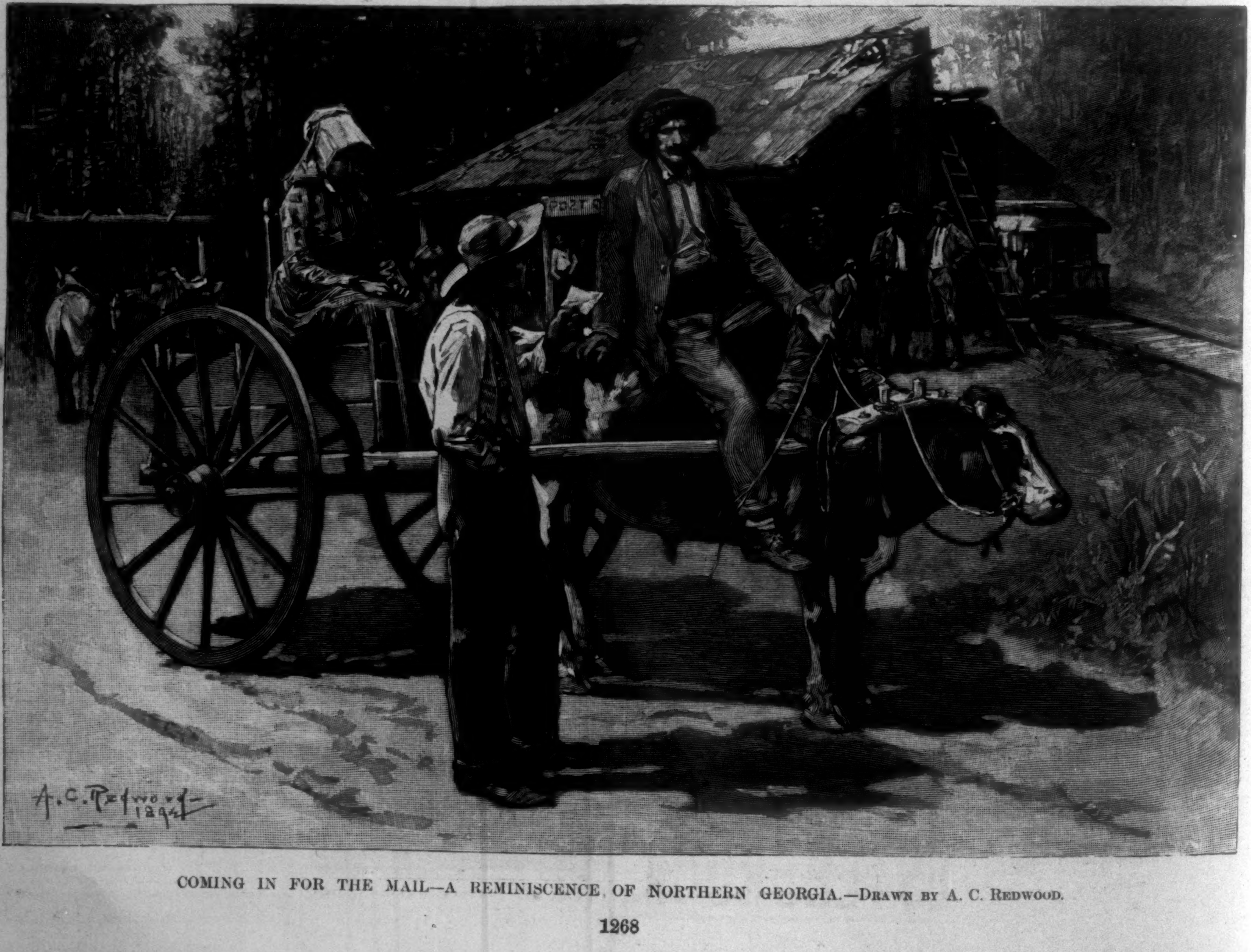
AN ALTERNATIVE.

There's Byron on my shelf, and Shelley too;
There's dear old Doctor Holmes, and Thomas Moore,
With Wordsworth just below him, bound in blue,
And Browning's works stand over by the door.

There's Milton, Scott, Macaulay's Lays of Rome;
There's Tennyson and Matthew Arnold terse;
Longfellow, Shakespeare, and Rossetti's tome;
The odes of Horace and blest Omar's verse.

So vast these riches are in my poor eyes,
I can't decide which poet on my shelf
I'll read to-night, and so I'll compromise
And read these "Rhymes" in full calf by myself.

John Kendrick Bangs.



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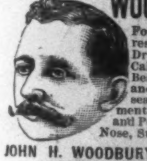

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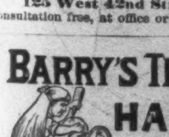

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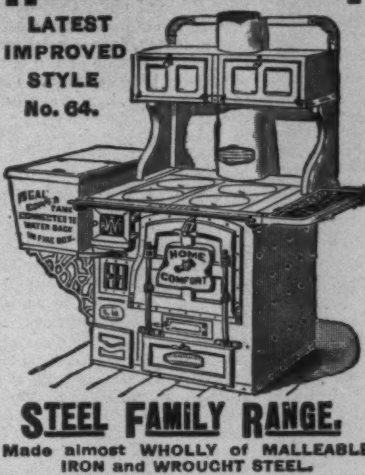

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NATURE STUDIES.

THE PINES.

THE pines are solemn souls, now brooding o'er
Their reverend past, now filled with bodeful dreams
Of their dim future, with its sorry change
From long-while sequestration—peering up
Into a sky of peace, and rooted fast
In mother earth—to restless voyaging,
To dumb unease above the shifty sea,
As masts that men have fashioned, to a fate
That bids them wander, ne'er to find a home.

RICHARD BURTON.

THE TURNING OF THE WORM.

IN this glorious republic of America so great and beneficent is the strength of public sentiment that when any class in a community waxes too strong and insolent with accumulated power, its pretensions are exposed, its wickedness unmasked, and its members, stripped with scant ceremony of their arrogated and brief authority, are set down hard by the righteous wrath of outraged citizens. The first grumblings of discontent usually come from the plainest class of a plain people, and if the warning is disregarded by persons swollen with a fatuous belief in their own importance, the protest gains volume and impetus like a rolling snowball, and surely overwhelms the pretenders in its resistless course.

Many thoughtful American citizens have observed with alarm the airs which women have been taking to themselves within the last few years. They have changed in general character far more than the four seasons. They have upset all the standards by which they were formerly measured. Nobody can guess what they will do next. In the abstract, woman is altogether lovely. One aboriginal philosopher has said that "as unto the bow the cord is, so unto the man is woman; though she bends him, she obeys him; though she draws him, yet she follows; useless each without the other." She has been variously referred to as uncertain and coy, and as a ministering angel when man bumps his head or his feelings; as a phantom of delight, and as a most delicate friend; as a goddess, and as incarnate frailty; and her general character was nobly summed up by the correct Mr. Turveydrop in his remarks upon "woman—bewitching woman." But all these conclusions were reached by grave and capable masculine minds while yet woman bided at home and kept silence in the churches and the market-place.

When the age of the horse flowered into the age of civilized humanity, fine words for women gave place to more generous consideration of their character. Wise men have always pretended to let them have their own way, and have taken pains to induce women to believe themselves the ruling spirits. Men have assumed to confess that they were always outwitted by women, in such bursts of confidence as the couplet,

> "For if she will, she will, you may depend on't;
> And if she won't, she won't, and there's the end on't."

This attitude of mock humility, believed by man for a long time to be sovran for keeping peace in the family, grew with usage into fixed habit, and in this republic of ours, where the gospel of the mining towns has spread over the land, and the goddess is assumed from her petticoat, women have gradually grown to take themselves so seriously that men find that they now stand in the position of the Arabian fisherman who incautiously uncorked the genie.

The fact that women now openly boast themselves to be as good as men in every walk of life except fatherhood is matter of common notoriety. Not the least vexatious consequence of this state of things is that they have grown fully to believe what they say of themselves, and in many instances they go to the exasperating length of proving their hypothesis. These poisonous ideas have spread to England, where the name of Miss Philippa Fawcett has become a shibboleth, and sporadic cases of the fever are now found in Germany; but the German wise men are too handy with their scientific knowledge of the relative weight of the brain in men and women to allow a dangerous spreading of the infection. Besides, if the German women should talk too much about their absolute equality with men, their progressive young monarch would probably recruit them for military duty, and for this they are not yet ready. Too generous treatment in this free and unprotected land is mainly responsible for what is called the "higher education" of women, and it is only natural and just that Americans should suffer most keenly from its ravages.

In every part of the United States women are now vigorously pretending to be as good as men. They enter the learned professions; they form clubs of their own, and invade those of men; they demand special attention at banks; they have entered every avenue of commercial and mechanical industry, except, perhaps, the merchant-tailoring business and the trade of the telegraphic lineman. They wear nearly all kinds of men's clothing, and they claim to have the same eyes, hands, senses, and affections, to be fed with the same food, warmed by the same cocktails, and cooled by the same champagne as a man. And because it is held impolite to contradict a lady, woman goes her invading and marauding way unchallenged.

Within a few days, however, a trifling incident in a neighboring State seems to indicate that at last the worm has turned. The occurrence is of so trivial a nature that it might not count for anything in a condition of public feeling less tense and nervous. But the patience of the American man has been strained almost to the breaking-point, and any sign of revolt against the usurpation of all human authority by the American woman is full of sharpest interest to every citizen who feels that he is gradually being chiselled out of his rights by the fair and "the unfair" sex.

Men have long grumbled helplessly, and without a leader for their cause. The first firm stand against the relentless arrogance of woman has now been taken by a man in New Jersey. That Spartan State is not a healthy place for pretenders, or malefactors of either sex, and its laws and justice have become proverbial as terrors to the casual offender. It is a fitting ground for the first battle in the inevitable fight. The man who has begun hostilities is no less a person than the Right Rev. T. A. Starkey, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of Newark. The fame of Peter the Hermit is not more resounding than shall be that of Bishop Starkey if he should come to be the leader of a righteous crusade for the recovery of man's sacred rights.

This is what has happened: The Rev. Stephen H. Battin is the rector of Christ Church in Jersey City. Some time ago, urged by the influence of the female members of his family—for now is the Scripture fulfilled, and a man's foes are they of his own household—the Rev. Mr. Battin gave his consent to the establishment of a mixed and surpliced vestry choir in his church. Ten young men and ten young women were selected and trained, and for the young women ten surplices and ten caps were bought, presumably out of that noble blanket fund, the offertory for parish expenses. The new choristers were about to appear in church, when the rector received a telegram from his bishop, forbidding the capped and surpliced young women to enter the chancel, or even to sit in the church unless they took their things off.

The bishop expounded his position at some length. He said that vestments were for men, not for women. In the street women might wear men's garments if they chose, but not in church. He approved of blending male and female voices, but the women might not sit in the chancel. If dressed in ordinary costumes, however, they might sit in the front seats and sing as members of the choir. The bishop drew the line distinctly between the proper stations of men and of women, and there was no mistaking his meaning. At first there was some disposition to rebel, but it instantly gave way to prudential obedience, and the young women of Christ Church now sit where they belong, in the nave of the edifice, and wear women's garments made according to the prevailing Jersey City fashions.

The craftiness shown by these young women in meekly obeying the bishop's noble order shows the ingenuity of man's enemy, and the necessity of following up the first attack with strategy as well as force. The simulated acquiescence may be calculated to disarm the righteous avenger of man, and thus to avoid precipitating a battle all along the line. In this city there are several churches where this dangerous custom has gained foothold; where already women wear surplices and sit in the choir. Bishop Potter should not refuse to heed the first note of warning, even though it come out of Jersey. Even though he has not taken the initiative, he should not refuse to help in this—man's dire extremity. And the authority of the Church could be exerted in no wiser or nobler way than in carrying the banner of this new crusade against so subtle and so insatiable a foe.

W. S. MOODY, JUN.

TO-DAY.

MY soul upon my lips hath set a seal,
  And tho' I needs must greet thee day by day,
What lies between us I must not reveal—
  My life is spent in learning to obey.

But oh! dear one, when thou and I shall meet
  In that fair world that knows not garish fear,
Unfettered, shall these longing lips repeat
  For evermore, "I loved thee always here."

M. L. SMITH.

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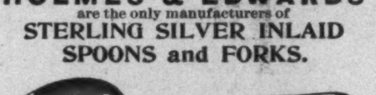

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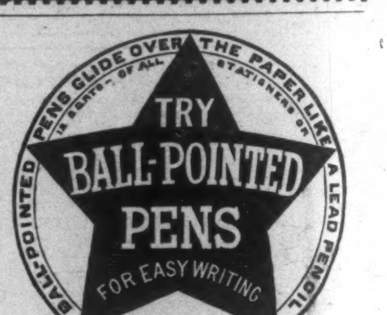
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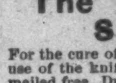

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AMATEVR · SPORT

OF THE MANY YACHTSMEN talked of last week as probable defenders of the *America's* Cup, two at least have materialized. Archibald Rogers, owner of the 46-footer *Wasp*, as the head of a New York syndicate, has placed an order for a steel 85-footer with the Herreshoffs, the dimensions of which are to be kept secret, and Henry Bryant, owner of the *Alert*, and who with his brother owned the 46-footer *Beatrix*, now the *Harpoon*, and owned by the Adams brothers, is preparing to place an order, though he has not definitely decided that he will do so. The truth of the matter is that it takes a large sum of money to build a cup-defender, anywhere from $40,000 to $50,000, and men who care to invest so much with the chance, after all, of not being the chosen one, are not plentiful. There is some talk, too, that Mr. Bryant may head a Boston syndicate, if he finds it too expensive to undertake alone. Certainly we must have a yacht from Boston. It would be curious, indeed, to have an *America's* Cup race with no representative from the Hub.

General Paine has decided not to build, stating very truly that there will be defenders in plenty without him. The General can afford to rest on his laurels; he came forward with the *Volunteer*, like the true sportsman that he is, when defenders were very scarce. Of course a large number of defenders would make the trial races mighty interesting, but it really seems as if two yachts from the Herreshoffs would be as good as a dozen. The racing machines from these people have so distanced all others that it looks as if the fastest boat in all the land could be developed out of one or the other of two of their productions. However, it is more than likely we shall have another yacht or so in the preliminary races; it is hardly reasonable to suppose there will not be other designs in the field. And the more the merrier.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA IS HAVING a veritable athletic boom, which means, to those who carefully study these matters, that in another year or two their teams will figure prominently in every branch of intercollegiate sport. Last spring they put forth a baseball team of great strength, and their eleven has just closed the most successful season in the football history of the university. Now they have set about with a determination to do equally as well on the water and in track athletics. In the latter, Pennsylvania has been little heard of since W. Byrd Page did his wonderful jumping, but last year an effort was made to build up a team, and the coming season will witness every energy shaped in the same direction. Already they have the services of the professional starter Turner as trainer, and a new athletic field has just been presented to the university by its trustees. The ground is near the new gymnasium to be erected next summer and the college buildings, and is 529 feet long by 443 feet wide. A third-of-a-mile running-track is to be laid out, inside of which will be two football fields and two baseball diamonds, and there will be also a cricket crease.

WHILE ALL THIS PREPARATION IS MAKING for the training of track athletes, baseball and football men, the interest of the crew is by no means being neglected. First of all, Woodruff, whose work with the eleven proved so telling, has been engaged to coach, and furthermore a rowing-tank, patterned after those now in use at Yale and Harvard, will be ready for use next winter. Woodruff was one of Yale's star oarsmen in his year, and his engagement means that the Pennsylvania crew will henceforth be drilled in the best system of rowing in this country. It means, too, that the Cornell-University of Pennsylvania eight-oar race will no longer be the procession we have been accustomed to see. The rowing material in Philadelphia is quite as good as that at Ithaca, and there is no reason why in '94, if, indeed, not in '93, the wide gap between the crews of the two universities should not be closed up. Cornell may always be depended on to put out a strong crew, and if Pennsylvania takes kindly to the Yale system under Woodruff's coaching, we are assured some races that will go a long way towards settling the much-discussed question as to the relative merits of the Cook and Courtney strokes.

WITH ALL THIS COMMENDABLE PROGRESSION in its athletic departments, it seems a pity the University of Pennsylvania should mar the good work by the engagement of a "salaried manager, whose business will be to manage the various athletic teams." There can be no two opinions on the subject among those whose sole interest in the matter is the welfare of pure college sport. To have a professional manager of college athletic teams is a hazardous precedent, to say the very least of it. To begin with, it is giving college sport an unwholesome recognition; and I do not wish to be misunderstood in making such a stricture. No one can possibly be a more earnest advocate of college sport than I am. By personal experience, and from close observation and study, I know that a legitimate indulgence in athletics is a panacea for the mental and physical impoverishment of the undergraduate. It is a tonic to the student, it builds up the muscles of the weakling, and gives courage and decision to the timorous. It makes manly boys, and gives us men of action. But there is no denying the fact that the prominence given athletics in our colleges to-day has become a serious question. There is a possibility of killing the golden-egg-laying goose, and in my opinion the "salaried manager" comes very near to getting the verdict.

ASIDE FROM THIS DANGER, there is always the quite as serious one of giving professionalism a foothold, and a college team with a salaried manager would be a constant menace to the pure amateur spirit. It would dispel absolutely all the delightful sentiment which now surrounds every position on college teams. It would place a dollar-and-cents value on an office that undergraduates now consider it an honor to fill. Men strive for positions on college teams for the honor of battling for the athletic glory of their *alma mater*, and the managers should have, and do have, the same sentiment. Desirable managers, and there are plenty of them in every university every year, would scorn pay for their work. Like begets like, and a professional manager would in time hand down a professional flavor that could not do otherwise than lower the amateur standard. The spectacle of a salaried manager, with his professional swagger and an eye ever open to the "tricks of his trade," would be a most distasteful one. We cannot keep the amateur standard too high. Day by day it is threatened on all sides, and it is the solemn duty of every college graduate to work constantly for the elevation rather than the lowering of all that makes college sport wholesome. Anything that tends in the slightest degree to dissolve the ideal should not be tolerated. The very essence of amateur sport rests in the spirit of its votaries. The salaried manager lacks this spirit, and his influence would be, unwittingly so perhaps, unwholesome.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, the conviction has been growing on me steadily for the past few years that our college teams are altogether too much "managed." There is entirely too much meddling by graduates and members of the faculty with the sports of the undergraduates. The strained relations that have existed in the immediate past between some of our colleges are directly traceable to this meddling. After all, what is the *raison d'être* of these 'varsity elevens and nines if it is not to furnish recreation for the undergraduates, and to test their skill against the teams of other colleges that are more or less their rivals? This being the case, why is so much pettifogging necessary; why must a few men in each college constitute themselves a tribunal of policy, and set up a circumlocution office to grind out ways and means and chestnuts? I believe we should have more good honest sport if the boys managed their own affairs entirely. There would be mistakes now and again, of course, but experience would be a worthy teacher, and the boys apt pupils. If the captains of teams and the undergraduate officers of athletic associations had the absolute management of their affairs, it is my opinion there would be less friction and more sport.

HARVARD HAS SET A GOOD EXAMPLE in electing an undergraduate, B. G. Waters, '94, to captain the football eleven in 1893. There is no doubt of the undesirability, so far as the welfare of college sport is concerned, of taking the captaincy out of the undergraduates' hands. It is treading entirely too near a dangerous line. Waters is an earnest, enthusiastic worker, and no better choice of all the candidates could have been made. His position, too, at guard is a better one to command from than any other in the line save centre rush.

ANOTHER ENGLISH ATHLETE HAS RETURNED to the land of his nativity, after having competed under the colors of an American club during his sojourn in the United States. This department has frequently criticised the importation of athletes, claiming it to be baneful to amateur sport, and in the end harmful to the offending club. It is well enough for us to import hackneys and hunters until we have established an American breed, but the imported athlete is a drug on the market. The home product excels in quantity, and, as a rule, in quality. Aside from the right or wrong in the matter, it is curious the athletic managers of a club cannot see far enough ahead to realize what an extremely poor policy they are following. It should be plain to the captain of every athletic club that in these days of "rounders" dependence on stars is precarious. Devoting all energy to the acquisition of a few crack performers, and ignoring the great bulk of green material which every athletic club contains, is a very short-sighted policy. The pronounced success of Harvard in track athletics is entirely due to the able handling and keen judgment of their trainer, James Lathrop, who has been smart enough to appreciate the value of developing all the available material. The consequence is that Harvard has always two or more "good" men in each event of the Intercollegiate championship programme, and not infrequently the "good" man beats out the "crack." That the system is a good one was proved last May by the improved showing of Yale and Princeton.

BUT ASIDE FROM THE MERE POLICY of the matter, the importation of athletes sets up a harmful precedent in American athletics. That any foreign athlete, of more or less reputation, may land on our shores one day, and have some American club emblem clapped on him the next, is sickening to sportsmen and discouraging to the novice training faithfully for a place. There ought to be a law framed by the Amateur Athletic Union prohibiting foreign athletes from representing an American club until they had been in this country one year. Fancy an Englishman, who had not been in the country a month, contesting for an American championship as a member of an American club. And yet that was precisely the situation when Curtis, the English walker, competed in the Amateur Athletic Union championships under the colors of the Manhattan Athletic Club two years ago at St. Louis. Fortunately he did not win either of the events he entered, but the fact remains that he walked around the track with a Cherry Diamond on his chest. Curtis remained over here only a short while, not a year, I believe, during which time his chief occupation consisted in exploiting the Cherry Diamond at all the games held in this vicinity. Having been offered no position more lucrative, he sailed for "the old country," where he is engaged, it is currently reported, in putting his experiences in substantial form, under the happy title of "America as Viewed by a Tramp Athlete," or "Where Was I At?"

THE LARGEST JOBBER IN THE IMPORTED ARTICLE has been the Manhattan Athletic Club, and its experience in handling British goods is large and instructive. With hardly a single exception, every one of the Englishmen who have crossed the Atlantic to wear its emblem has torn himself from the allurements of the metropolis and sailed home again. It would take too much space to go into details, and my one object here is to draw a moral from the lesson. What substantial gain does any club achieve by the few points some foreign athlete may place to its credit during his bondage? Would not the same amount of time and money spent on developing home material result in a more permanent athletic blessing? There is no doubt that every club which has yielded to the blandishments of the newly imported article has done more harm than good. The New York Athletic Club's experience a few years ago with Barry will probably last it a lifetime. Amateur athletics are none too healthful to-day, outside of the colleges, and it behooves clubs to look alive. Give us more of the American athlete; he is the best in the world to-day.

A RUMOR SENT ABROAD NOT LONG AGO by some sensation-breeder, that the Boston Athletic Association intended dropping out of athletics, was of too startling a nature to remain unchallenged. Seeking information on the subject, therefore, from the highest source in the club, we are in receipt of a letter which had best speak for itself, and is herewith presented. The B.A.A. has done everything for athletics in New England, and its efforts in the behalf of clean, honest sport have given it a position too well established to be assailed by irresponsible news-mongers.

> "In answer to your favor of the 9th, I would say that the B. A. A. do not intend dropping out of athletics. They may, however, give fewer meetings in the future than in the past, as the same necessity for them does not exist. For a couple of years after the organization of the B.A.A. there was only one, or possibly two, athletic clubs in this part of the country, consequently the B.A.A. felt called upon to make every endeavor to encourage clean athletics; but now, in the New England division of the A.A.U., there are several clubs which are competent, willing, and desirous of giving meetings. Therefore we can afford to content ourselves with two or three open meetings, as well as a few smaller ones of a limited nature. We shall, of course, continue our football, baseball, and cricket teams, and we have just begun to do a little in the way of rowing, to a modest extent.
>
> "I think that very few appreciate the difficulties under which we labor in this club. Contrary to perhaps the general idea, we have no athletic members in the ordinary sense of the word. That is, we have absolutely no members to whom dues are remitted or to whom greater privileges are granted than to all the members. We do have what we call preferred athletic members, but that simply means that the committee have a right to elect a candidate for membership out of his order on the waiting-list if he has some athletic qualifications. That is, his name can go to the head of the list, but he is elected in the same manner as any other candidate. His name must be regularly proposed; it must remain on the waiting-list for a certain time, and it then comes before the whole committee. In fact, the candidate is more carefully scrutinized than if his name came up in regular order. Since the club started we have only elected about 160 men out of order, and of these 100 were college men.
>
> "Contrary, also, to the prevailing opinion, Harvard does not help us very much. I believe we have never had but one 'varsity player on our football team, and none in rowing. We had some on the baseball team this year, but the most important of them, Highlands, belonged to our club before he went to Harvard. Moreover, the Harvard authorities did not look with favor on their playing.
>
> "College athletes, and especially Harvard athletes, get about enough of athletics while in college.
>
> "Another trouble which we have to contend with is a lack of out-of-door grounds. We have been looking around for two years, but have never been able to find anything within our means; and, in fact, we have never been able to find suitable grounds without taking into consideration the cost."

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION has frequently proclaimed its desire to sustain or rather elevate the tone of the several sports under its jurisdiction.

The most flagrant offender in the Metropolitan Association of the A.A.U. is the small club formed by two or three men for the purpose of giving slugging matches and dividing the profit. I pass over the fact that such clubs had got into the fold before qualms of virtue seized upon the managers; probably it was not practicable to turn them out. But why does the Board of Managers *continue* to admit these clubs to membership? They know full as well as I do the character of the organizations and their members, and that they join merely to evade the laws and give a money-making show. They know all about it, and yet continue to take them in under the protecting wing of the Amateur Athletic Union.

If they will only grapple with this question as vigorously as at their last meeting they did with the prize question and the whitewashing of professionals, the A.A.U. legislators will earn the gratitude of us all.

At this meeting, the motion—made by one who ought to know better—to increase the prize limit to $50, was completely and forever, I hope, squashed. The practice, too, of reinstating to the amateur ranks professionals whose sun had set was prohibited by the following resolution:

> "It is hereby directed by the Board of Directors of the A.A.U. that from and after this date, Nov. 21, 1892, professional athletes be and they are hereby disqualified from reinstatement as amateurs in this union or in any association thereof, and that such disqualification shall not be removed by this Board or by the Board of Managers of any association a member of this union."

It is the best thing the present Board ever did. They should in the same sitting, however, have acquired the power to disqualify the several ex-professionals given amateur standing in the past year.

THE QUESTION OF WHERE ONE MAY HAVE good sport with rod or gun is yearly becoming so perplexing, especially for those not already members of clubs with a private preserve, that any new light on the subject must be hailed with pleasure. A letter from one of the most ardent sportsmen in my acquaintance, Alexander Hunter, of Washington, tells me that he, with two other Nimrods and six guides, recently made an exploration in the Batiscan tract, which is about one hundred miles north of Quebec. They penetrated to the interior, discovering over forty lakes not marked on the official map, all of them filled with red trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) varying from three to nine pounds in weight; and found the mountain streams simply alive with this most toothsome of all fish, and caribou, bear, and deer exceptionally plentiful.

The recent construction of the St. Johns and Canadian R.R., from Quebec to Lake St. John, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, has opened a vast and hitherto inaccessible region of mountains and lakes that have been known to Indian trappers only. It looks as if Canada is destined to be the Mecca of American sportsmen, from the game resources of its extensive territory, and from the fact that the Canadian government encourages the formation of American clubs, because they keep out poachers and trappers and are a source of no inconsiderable revenue.

IN COMMENTING ON THE WORK of the smaller college football elevens week before last, curiously enough the Massachusetts Institute of Technology was entirely overlooked. Not that the good work of the team had been forgotten, but overlooked in the hurry to cover ground which had been given only cursory attention during the season.

Too much credit was given Amherst in the WEEKLY of December 17th, in saying "their only defeat was by Tufts." The fact is that on November 5th the Amherst 'varsity eleven was defeated by Technology, 6–4, in Boston, only one 45-minute half being played on account of cold and snow. Technology deserves every victory her teams win, and this department would be the last to withhold the earned credit. So much study is expected of Tech. men that it is an extremely difficult matter to put any team at all on the field. This year, by earnest, steady work, to be commended in every respect, when the opposing odds are considered, they developed a team that was only prevented by non-membership in the league from winning the championship over Amherst, Dartmouth, and Williams.

AMONG THE SMALL NEW YORK COLLEGES Union has finished the most successful football season in her history. In the league, of which Union, Syracuse, Rochester, and Hamilton are members, Union's eleven appears to have swept all before them—defeating Syracuse, 54–0; Rochester, 40–0; and Hamilton, 12–0, winning the championship for the second time in three years. It is particularly good work for any of these smaller elevens to go through a season without being scored against, for, as a rule, this class of team is much stronger on the offensive than on the defensive. Allen, full back, and captain of the Union eleven, played an exceptionally strong game throughout the season, and the team owes much of its good work to his coaching and judgment at critical moments. Union has recently engaged Dr. C. P. Linhart (for its physical culture department), whom the Manhattan Athletic Club in a most unwise moment let go. The M.A.C.'s loss is Union's gain.

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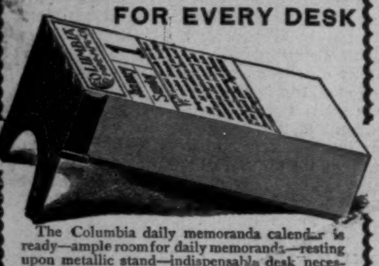

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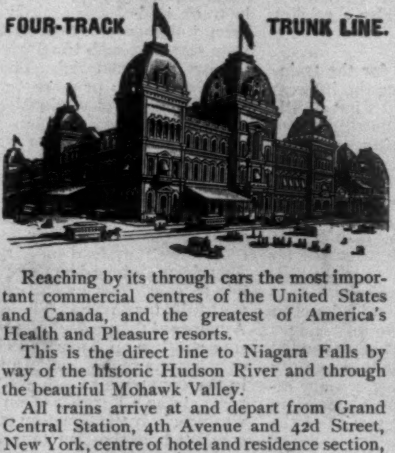

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